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MELPOMENE DIVINA.

Melpomene, cui liquidam Pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit,
Totum muneris hoc tui est;
Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est!

HORACE.

30²⁷
MELPOMENE DIVINA;

OR,

POEMS ON CHRISTIAN THEMES.

BY

CHRISTOPHER LAOMEDON PINDAR.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Julian the Apostate forbade the Christians to teach either grammar, eloquence, or philosophy, and even to read any of the profane authors of classic literature, Gregory Nazianzen loudly complained of this as the basest and most unjust contrivance of tyranny, whereby the Christian cause received greater injury than from the bloody persecutions of three centuries. That cunning renegade saw clearly that, as long as the most learned men of the empire were Christians, all the artistic refinement of sophism would be scattered to the dust by the solid philosophy of a religion adorned with the choicest array of pagan genius. With naught but falsehood and shallow

embellishment, he found it impossible to rival and outdo the truth ornamented with substantial and genuine beauty. Hence his wicked scheme; hence his nefarious attempt to despoil the Saviour's immaculate Spouse of her lovely and glittering apparel.

But the Church showed herself fully equal to the emergency. No sooner had the invidious law been promulgated, than the illustrious Fathers of the East, with Nazianzen at their head, themselves wrote poems on various subjects of religion, which if, owing to the hastiness of their production, fell short of the lyrics of the Theban, at least were far superior to the pagan effusions of those times; while the eloquence of their orations was so elegant and sublime, that even in our age several learned critics look upon Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, and Chrysostom, as superior to all orators whether sacred or profane. Libanius himself, though a sophist and a bitter reviler of Christianity, testified of his pupil, the great Basil, that he was in

rapture as often as he heard him speak in public. If a Pagan experienced such emotion, what must have been the ecstasy of the Christian, when he listened the purest Attic dialect, such as Demosthenes spoke and *Aeschylus* sang, swell on the breeze the exalted truths of his godly faith! The envy of an apostate prince could not quench the fire of genius that glowed in the breasts of the Christian learned; within them dwelt the Muse. Nor did they want the productions of their classic predecessors: they found means, in spite of the unjust edict, to instruct their spiritual children in the beauties of pagan literature. Such men as we named above had not merely *read* Demosthenes, Cicero, Homer, and Virgil; they had *studied* them; they could repeat them word for word: out of their hands the dead letter might be snatched; in their immortal minds still lived the Attic sentence and Ionic verse.

The same spirit, which animated these men, has influenced the true and great sons of the Church

in every age up to the present time. Some, indeed, there were, and alas ! have always been, whose narrow-minded bigotry cast a disgraceful gloom over her fair features. The sainted homilist, who made it a crime for a clergyman to teach grammar, has unfortunately found too many of his mitred assecles. But these are only like the drifting clouds, which now and then flit across the golden sun. History, taken on the whole, unveils to us a fairer and, to every lover of learning and religion, more delectable scene. When barbarism spread like a deluge over the classic fields of the East, and threatened to destroy the last vestige of præchristian science, it was the devout monk who sought even with peril of life to rescue from the devouring gulf the tattered parchment, on which were lettered the heroic Philippic and the sublime Iliad. On his breast he bore, together with his breviary and missal, the orations of Cicero and the poems of Virgil. The only recreation he allowed himself, amid the labors of his mission and the

austerities of his asceticism, was that of transcribing the musty volume of pagan genius into a neater and more durable book; for the sake that after generations might not be deprived the felicity of possessing that which his Mother, the Church, told him to value so much. Often, too, when reading the rapturous verses which Homer lavished on his Grecian hero, and the charmful rhythm which Horace swelled to the honor of his Cyprian queen, was he inflamed with a holy desire of singing the wondrous works of the God-Man, and the lovely beauties of the Queen of Heaven. The seductive strains of the fabled siren allured not to vice the breast covered with the cilicium; they opened not to Ovidian love-songs the lips crimsoned each morning with divine blood: but they fired in his breast the love of Jesus; they opened his lips to the praise of Mary.

Influenced by the above considerations I have ever since the commencement of my literary studies cherished an ardent desire of blending, to the ex-

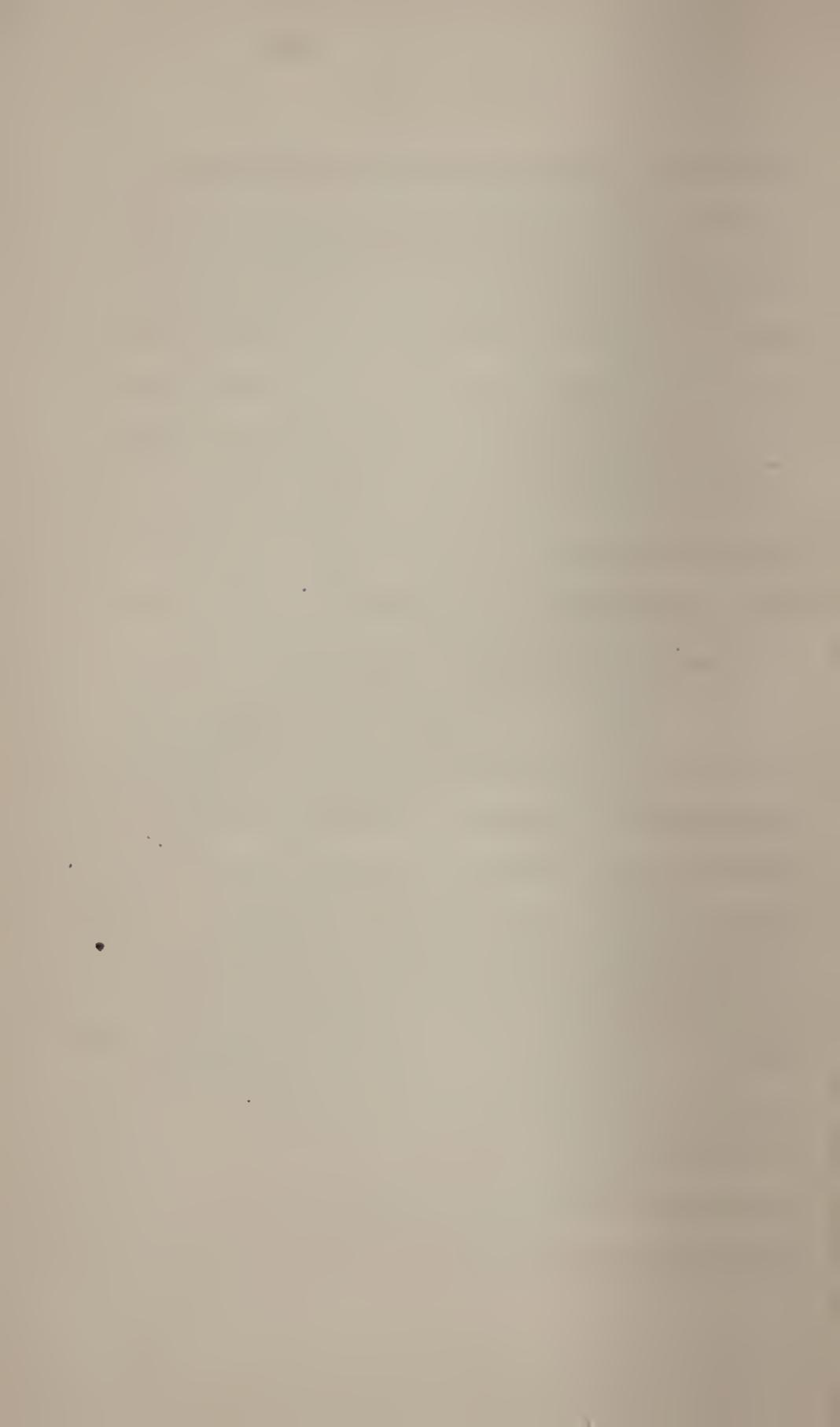
tent of my slender abilities, the exalted truths of the Christian faith with the ornaments of a refined science and literature. One of the fruits of this my desire is the little volume which I now present to the public. I have entitled it *Melpomene Divina*, or, the Divine Songstress, in honor of the Holy Virgin, for whom I justly claim the distinctions which the ancient bards lavished on Minerva and the Muse. Such a title also the contents of the book, which consists of poems breathing a Christian spirit, and perfumed with the fragrance of the Mystical Rose, very properly demanded. Of the poetical Nine I gave the preference to Melpomene, because she was a more favorite Muse with the ancient poets, and, though sometimes claimed exclusively by later tragedians, was originally and generally, in accordance with the significancy of her name, invoked as the goddess of song and poetry.

As I have interspersed through the work appropriate preambles, and given at the end expla-

natory notes, I refrain here from a further elucidation. That the book is very imperfect, I am fully convinced of; that it be but taken by another as a spur to elicit a more perfect one in illustration of a similar theme, is my earnest desire. The many and almost unceasing demands of a higher order have allowed me to bestow only a few “tempora subseciva” on a work, to which I would have gladly devoted day and night. As such it can hardly be anything else than deficient in many respects. Yet if I be the cause of giving to but one person the pleasure of a moment in perusing these pages, and still more if one be thence inspired to send a single whisper of love to the saintly beings carolled in them, I shall consider myself happy, and my labors more than sufficiently repaid.

C. L. P.

CIRCLEVILLE, 1867.



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PROLOGUE.

Vade, liber, verbisque meis loca grata saluta!—OVID.

LONELY 'neath the shady beech-tree
On the flowery sward I lay;
Lovely songsters o'er me warbling
Hailed the rosy dawn of day.

Down below me rolled the river
Silently his dimpled tide,
Now and then a sprightly minnow
Showed his glittering scaly side.

Eastward spread my natal city,
Hid in smoke and haze of morn,
Westward stretched the lengthy lowlands
Covered with luxuriant corn.

From the city's many belfries
Rang the varied morning chimes,
Some to toll the hour of labor,
Others holy offerings' times.

Pleasure-filled my eyes I rested
On the charmful, various scene,
On the spring-clad shore and river,
On the day-lamp's ruddy sheen.

Gladdened with the sound I listened
To the bells' heraldic notes,
To the songs the feathered warblers
Carolled with melodious throats.

Yet a boy I was, and boyish
Were my thoughts and were my schemes—
Nature loved I, nature sought I,
Nature pictured all my dreams.

Often in my rural rambles,
By some streamlet's greenly side
Paused I, and surveyed the fishes
Through the crystal waters glide.

Often strolling through the forest
Suddenly I stopped my feet,
Eyed and listened the canary
Trill his morning carol sweet.

Often too beneath that beech-tree
Lost in wond'ring joy I lay,
Saw the same enchanting landscape,
Heard the self-same church-bells play.

Yet my thoughts ne'er eagled higher,
Tempted ne'er a godlier air,
Pleased but for the passing moment
With the earth so lovely fair.

Ne'er I thought that nature's beauties,
Throstles' songs and church-bells' chimes
Could be imitated, rivalled
By the poet's wordy rhymes.

“Poetry,” a learned doctor
Oft me told, “is foolery;
When a student turneth crazy,
He then writeth poetry.”

So I thought no more about it,
Troubled not my boyish brain
With the labor of exchanging
Nature’s note to poet’s strain.

Not until that vernal morning,
When beneath the beech I lay,
Flashed athwart my musing fancy
Poetry’s first genial ray.

Clad in own and borrowed graces
Horace’s Melpomene,
Risen from the musty pages,
Living, singing, smiled on me.

Yet not long I eyed her features ;
For a beauty-beaming maid,
At her right, superior genius,
Purer taste and lore displayed.

Eke her knew I; for her image
Oft in churches had I seen,
Where she, loved by men and loving,
Shone arrayed in queenly sheen.

Her to me the ancient pointed :
“Lo, the new Melpomene !
Me regard but as the handmaid
Of this Queen of Poetry !”

More I heard not, more I saw not.
Slumber closed my dazzled eye—
When I waked, the sun above me
Blazoned in the noonday sky.

But another sun within me
Now diffused its genial rays ;
My o'erclouded fancy lighted
With its new and cheering blaze.

To my feet I sprang, and carolled
With the songsters of the air ;
Like a painter drew the landscape
Of the spring-time fresh and fair.

With the fish I swam the river,
With the eagle cleft the sky,
With the chimes devout of church-bells
Flew my thoughts to realms on high.

When I reached my natal city,
I no more a city viewed :
Rural scenes before me floated,
Scenes with life and speech imbued.

In the beauties of the seasons,
In the study of mankind,
In the page of ancient legends
Lived and thought and joyed my mind.

What I thus mused o'er I pencilled
In the subsecivian hour,
Seated or in lone apartment,
Or beneath the shady bow'r.

Long you have consoled and joyed me,
Many pleasant hours me brought,
You, my darling songs and poems,
You, the offspring of my thought!

Now into the world I send you,
Show you to the critic's eye—
Some may praise you, some may slight you.
Others raise their foelike cry.

Yet be held not by the latter;
But go onward well content,
If but one you please beside him
Who into the world you sent.

Lonely yet I sometimes linger
'Neath the beech at summer eve—
Come, loved poems, and my lone heart
With your friendly strains relieve!

MUSE-OFFERINGS.

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MUSE-OFFERINGS.

WHO IS THE MUSE?

Quo, Musa, tendis?—HORACE.

WHERE dwelt the Muse, when on the plains
Of Bethlehem the silvery strains
Of Seraphs waked the simple swains ?

Where sang the Muse ?

When from the heavens beamed the star
His speaking light upon Senaar,
And drew the Magi from afar,

Where shone the Muse ?

When eyeing from his throne the sun
His Maker dying sought to shun
The horrid scene behind clouds dun,

Where hid the Muse ?

When the Apostles through the world
The pagan deities downward hurled,
And thence the cross's sign unfurled,

Where stayed the Muse ?

When poets heard a new chord twang,
Of themes unknown before them sang,
And chimes and organs strangely rang,

Who was their Muse ?

Was she the one of yore desired,
Who Homer and the Theban fired,
And Virgil and his friend inspired—
Th' Aonian Muse ?

Who on Parnassus' pictured height
Enjoyed th' Olympian thund'r'er's sight,
And filled with Heliconian light
Sons of the Muse ?

Or fled the Muse, and gave her place
To one of nobler, godlier race,
When Christian turned the Pagan face,
And changed the Muse ?—

Methinks, the blessed sisters Nine
But changed their place and tune and sign,
In heaven now they glorious shine,
Still reign the Muse.

That newer Muses there they found,
United them a new queen crowned,
And all their wreaths about her wound—
The heavenly Muse.

Mary I mean, the Maiden Queen,
Who took the Nine with tender mien,
And shed on them a purer sheen—
The Christian Muse.

In heaven 'mid angelic choirs,
On earth, where beauty her attires,
In poet's heart of good desires :
There dwells the Muse.

Of her and with her aid I sing,
 Her beauties o'er the land I ring,
 To her with heart and mind I cling—
 The Christian Muse.



HAUNTS OF THE MUSE.

Οἴμας Μοῦδ' ἐδίδαξε, φίλησε δὲ φῦλον ἀοιδῶν.

HOMER.

I.

THE sun shines brightly in the skies,
 Cool breezes fan the air,
 The earth smiles gayly 'neath her locks
 Of flower-braided hair.

Grand is the sun, his noble brow
 With fatherly love glows,
 From conscious might perennial still
 His genial life's warmth flows.

Fair is the earth, her rosy lips
 Vie with her violet eyes,
 Her lilyed bosom gently swells,
 In silken green she lies.

Away I flee from chambers mute,
 From out the crowded street,
 Across the gay and dappled fields
 The rural Muse to meet.

Yon, where the shady beech-crowned hill
O'erlooks the smiling plain,
She waits my troubled heart to soothe
With her consoling strain.

There by her side I seat me down
Upon the flower-strewn ground,
Her beauteous face upon my breast,
My arms her neck around.

Then gently whispering she points
To me the sunlit blue,
The blooming meadows smiling in
Their robes of greenly hue.

Sweet lays of love and rural joys
Thence we united sing :
Pleased smile the playsome vales and skies,
With joy the woodlands ring.

II.

Low glimmering the wintry sun
Glides through the clouded skies,
Dank, misty vapors from the earth
Distressed and mournful rise.

Grave is the sun, his parent heart
With deep-felt sorrow bleeds—
Too far removed his genial warmth
To pour on dying meads.

Sad is the earth, stretched shivering 'neath
Her dress of mourning white ;
What fading charms yet strive to please,
The cruel northwinds blight.

Love's dangling groves drip icicles,
The song-bred hill lies bare,
No warbling songster flits athwart
The dark and storm-brewed air.

And where, my Muse, thou tarriest now ?—
I think, and trembling fear !—
Oh, come into my chamber warm,
My lonely heart to cheer !

She comes, and sits her down with me
Before the blazing hearth :
Too swiftly fly the wonted hours
Amid renewed love's mirth.

No more, indeed, the lyre invite
The charms of varied spring ;
But lays of not less happier note,
Home's honeyed joys, we sing.

The fame of legendary knights
And charming dames we breathe,
And round each happy pair the crown
Of winter's lilies wreath.

CHILDREN OF THE MUSE.

At mihi jam puerō cœlestia sacra placebant,
 Inque suum furtim Musa trahebat opus.
 Gratia, Musa, tibi; nam tu solatia præbes;
 Tu curæ requies, tu medicina venis!—OVID.

OPE to me, Muse, the secrets of thy heart!
 Who are the children of thy love, impart
 To me, thy child!

No secrets from her sons the Muse conceals.
 List then, my child, what treasured thoughts reveals
 My mother-breast!

Where'er thou seest a youth, whose lofty mind
 Transcends the grovelling thoughts of vulgar kind,
 Yet sweet and mild

Compassionates the woes of ignorant poor,
 And stands a champion at the hovel's door;
 Fears not to wrest

From tyrant hands the rod of tyranny,
 And hurl the curse of human misery
 Upon their heads;

Whose heart melts 'neath the beauteous maiden's
 charm,
 Her sacred rights who rescues from the arm
 Of sternness wild;

Delights to come oft to my tuneful shrine,
And drink the limpid stream from fount divine
 My bounty sheds :

To him, my son, the secrets of my heart,
Its pangs and loves and wishes I impart !
 He is my child !

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE PAGAN.

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(33)

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE PAGAN.

THE following poems have been composed from a motive of admiration for those illustrious heroes and heroines who, when the seed of Christianity had scarcely grown into a slender plant, and to all human appearance seemed fated soon to wither away under the scorching blast of Pagan persecution, irrigated it with their heart's blood so abundantly, that ere long it increased into a tree, the branches of which extended all over the earth. To give anything like an adequate description of what they underwent in the cause of humanity and religion, would certainly be a task far beyond the abilities of the most gifted mind; for, as that most Ciceronian of Christian writers, Lactantius Firmianus, says, applying to his subject the lines of the Roman bard :

“ Non mihi, si linguae centum sint oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, omnes scelerum comprehendere formas,
Omnia paenarum genera percurrere nomina possim,

quas judices per provincias justis atque innocentibus intulerunt.” Nor has the author ever entertained so gigantic a thought. His only aim has been to present as agreeably as possible some scenes characteristic of the first three centuries. Of these some, like *the Vision of the Night* and *St. George and the Dragon*, are little more than images fictitiously formed in his brain. Others, again, like *the Vision of the Day* and *the Thundering Legion*, bear the stamp of historic truth, whatever skeptic pedants may advance to the contrary. Yet is it not at all necessary to insist on such few prodigies, how striking

soever and eonvining they may appear: the Church herself is the miracle *κατ' ἐξοχήν*; those, which we generally term miracles, are only brilliant emanations from her, like the dazzling rays reflected from the golden sun.



THE VISION OF THE NIGHT.

Jam vero variæ, nocturno tempore visæ,
Terribiles formæ bellum motusque monebant;
Multaque per terras vates oracula furenti
Pectore fundebant, tristes minitantia easus.—CICERO.

'TWAS night, and on his purple couch Augustus sleepless lay,
Revolving with ambitious glee the honors of the day:
The Senate and the Roman People had with loud acclaim
Him greeted with the “Father of his Country”’s deathless name.

“What prosperous fate, immortal gods!” his rapturous soul exclaimed;
“Has hovered o'er me since great Cæsar me his heir proclaimed!
When good Sabidienus first me bade my low retreat
Leave, and with eagles of revenge my uncle’s murderers meet.

Still young was I, scarce had I my prætexta laid aside,
And Rome's proud veteran leaders loud my beardless
chin decried;

Old Antony defiantly his boastful standards reared,
And Cicero with caustic wit at my pretensions sneered.

Yet trusting to my prosperous star, and that unquenched
flame,

Which Cæsar-like my youthful arms urged on to death-
less fame,

I grasped the iron rod of war, plucked out the slander-
ous tongue,

And reared my eagles triumphing my countless foes
among.

Soon sank Rome's vaunted freedom on Philippi's field
of gore,

Anon the grey-haired rival fell on Egypt's lustful shore.

No Roman since e'er durst to snatch the sceptre from
my hands,

No barbarous foe withstood my arms on Alps or Lybian
sands.

And what great loss from Tully's hate sustained my
noble name?

Lo ! bards divine in measured lines sing my undying
fame !

Nor need I stoop from lofty throne to gain their lavish
praise,

More anxious they to sing than I to list their grateful
lays.

To-day, what princely honors on my godly brow were
poured !

How up the listening heavens wide the *Ios* triumphant
soared !

In vain I feigned their royal gifts with patriot mien to
dread,

Diviner and perennial powers were lavished on my
head.

Ah ! I despise this vulgar throng, these minions of
gain !

Not they, but I alone me gained the wide world's sole
domain !

“Who that above me?”—lo ! before him shone in bril-
liant glare,

As if the lightning's lurid streak, a spirit of the air.

In form a beauteous youth, whose lofty mien and noble
face

Portrayed the dazzling lustre of the bright ethereal
race :

His rosy cheeks and bluey eyes shone like Apollo's
fair,

And down his neck in golden ringlets streamed his
glossy hair.

In snow-white robe with sparkling gems adorned he was
arrayed,

His left hand grasped a shield, his right a sword flam-
miferous swayed.

Augustus turned with deadly fright upon his purple bed,
As suddenly the charmful vision changed to horrid
dread.

“Who that above thee?” now the terror-breathing
spirit cried;

“Dar’st thou, proud tyrant, God’s almighty power to
deride?

Ah! vain are all thy lofty hopes, thy proud, ambitious
schemes:

The Power above ere long shall dwindle them to futile
dreams.

Know, while or hates thee or adores thy foe and
crouching slave,

Lewd revellings and funeral shrieks shall in thy palace
rave:

While minions thy power and bliss proclaim in hon-
eyed song,

Thou weakest and unhappiest shall sit thy joys among.

In vain on young Marcellus rests thy eye with parent
love,

Scarce shown to earth, his life demand the stern de-
crees above.

Vipsanius shall sudden death meet on Campania’s
plain;

Tiberius, the cruel, alone shall haplessly remain.

Why on thy beauteous Julias thou gazest with delight?
Grim exile’s woes by thee sent soon their lustful charms
shall blight.

Thy fawning bard their secret pleasures wantonly shall
gaze,

And sing thy shame ere end in Mœsia's wastes his
gloomy days.

But, hark! what cheering melodies ring from Judea's
plains!

Away I must to join my brethren's God-announcing
strains!

Know further, then, proud tyrant, how at this lone
midnight hour

Descends to crush thy puny gods the one God in his
pow'r!

From sinful thralls the shackled slave of pleasure to
redeem,

O'er error's darksome wastes of woes to shed his truth-
ful beam,

In fleshly substance framed divinely from a spotless
Maid,

In form a lovely babe, he on a little straw is laid.

Forced in a lowly stable, through thy pride-swelling
decree,

To lie amid the wintry night in shivering poverty,

None throng around of all he comes to free of galling
chains,

None save the Virgin and her Spouse and simple Jewish
swains.

Yet o'er the blessed cradle myriad spirits of the skies
Their gladness and their homage breathe in heavenly
melodies;

Yet on their way athwart Peræa's rocks and Juda's
sands

High to the King of kings the princes of Chaldea's
lands.

Divinely blessed they, who thus their vassal-treasures
bring

Him, whom ere long all monarchs of the earth must
own their King !

Accursed they, who vaunt the world to shake with
Cæsar-nod,

Thy impious heirs, that first will dare to war against
their God !

In vain their vengeful sword shall flood the earth with
harmless gore,

Their victims' standard proud shall wave on every sea
and shore.

Thrice hundred years the eagle will in lamb's gore flesh
his beak,

When up shall spring the deathless lamb, and rule with
sceptre meek.

Then Cæsar's worthiest son shall rear the sign despised,
the cross,

And gods shall dwindle into fables laughable and
gross.

Their favorite haunt itself, proud Rome, shall sentence
their base flight,

And, once the queen of darkness, thence shall be the
queen of light.

Nor e'en ambitious Cæsar's heirs shall undisputed
shine,
The monarchs of the world, upon their favorite Pala-
tine :
The last, a stripling of thy name, shall drop the broken
rein,
And holy Pontiffs thence shall hold in Rome their
peaceful reign.

But now my message is fulfilled—hence must I speed
away,
To join my comrades in our new-born God's praise-
swelling lay!"
Like lightning pierced he through the walls.—Again all
dark and lone
Augustus lay—his griefshot breast heaved a despairing
groan.



FIRST-FRUIT OF THE FAITH.

Satelles, i, ferrum rape,
Perfundit cunas sanguine!—HYM. REV.

"WHERE is the new-born King of Jews?
We come his birth to hail!"
Chaldea's princes guileless ask.
Judea's king turns pale.
Before his dark and bloody mind
Into a quenchless flame
Rebellion's smothered ashes gleam
With that portentous name.

All night his sleepless, bloodshot eye
At scenes of carnage gleams,
And in his moan-used ear resound
The slaughtered infants' screams.
Morn streaks with red the wintry east,
And stealthily he calls
His minion butchers to the work
That e'en their hearts appalls :

“Another king strives to usurp
My hard-won, just domain,
By heavenly signs, it seems, foretold
O'er Israel's realms to reign.
But, whether God or man, shall e'er
My sceptre I resign,
And flee before a wailing babe,
Though vaunted as divine ?

No! still your trenchant blades can cull
The flower in its bud !
What recks it, though all Bethlehem
Swim in babes' harmless blood ?
Him sure to reach, rush on that town,
When next sets in the night,
And slay all that within the last
Two years sprang first to light !”

Night came, and in unconscious sleep
The threatened village lay,
The unintended all at home,
Th' intended sole away.

No sound disturbed the midnight air,
No little one more wept;
But bedded by their mothers' side
They soft and warmly slept.

Hark! what terrific yells at once
From every quarter ring!
Lo! everywhere what torches red
Fiends blood-stained wildly swing!
With thirsty swords they madly rush
Into each bolted door,
And spout upon each mother-breast
Her loved infant's gore.

In vain the mothers gently pray
To soothe the savage horde;
In vain themselves in wild despair
Rush on the blood-drenched sword;
In vain they labor to elude
The fierce hyenas' quest;
In vain at last they frantic clasp
Their infants to their breast—

No artfulness the prowlers' scent
Of babe's gore can elude;
No prayers can soothe the steel-clad hearts
For every feeling crude:
Like bloodhounds they unweariedly
Scent their devoted prey,
And coldly on the milky fount
The babe still sucking slay.

Amid these thousand mother-breasts,
That each my pity claim,
Yet beats with bitterer grief my heart
At thy, sweet Rachel, name!
Scarce twelve times had the silvery moon
Careered the earth around
Since, wedded to young Phanuel,
Thy bridal wreath was wound.

Bless'd nuptials ! whence the fruit of love,
Thy sweet and lovely boy,
His mother's picture, fair and mild,
His father's hope and joy.
What happier lot than thine, to sit
Aside thy Phanuel,
Your living love-boon on thy lap,
Your own dear Samuel !

And shall eke this delightful home
Glare in the funeral brand ?
Shall eke this first and only boy
Bleed 'neath the murderer's hand ?
Oh, horror ! bursts the chamber-door—
In rush the bloody crowd,
Their dripping sabres swinging high—
“Your babe !” they cry aloud.

“ Strike me, afore my son ye slay !”
The father brave replies.
“ My blood shall mingle with my child's !”
The mother frantic cries.

He rushes 'twixt his loved ones
And the barbarians wild;
She on her bosom in her dress
Wraps her scarce wakened child.

Alas! what valor and despair
Can cope with number's bands?
The valiant father armless lies
O'erpowered by ruffian hands.
The mother struggling scarce has seen
How down the dagger flies—
Low gasps her lovely babe—his blood
Her milk-white bosom dyes.

Oh, mother! and could dastards thus
Forget their mothers' throes,
And coldly eye the crimsoned breast,
Whence their own life arose?
Are all men then not formed alike,
Not all a mother own?
Or has a monster bred those hearts
Not fleshly, but of stone?

Sweet Rachel! yet adown *my* cheeks
The tears of pity roll;
Yet o'er thy murdered boy with thee
I griefshot *do* condole.
And though sunk down in depthless grief
Thou will'st not be consoled,
Yet, pray, look up and in the skies
Thy angel dear behold!

But thou, inhuman tyrant ! type
 Of that detested crew,
Which e'er have revelled in men's blood
 Their foul hands to imbrue !
Not stayed thy curse—which, when to fling
 On despots weaklings dread,
Th' Eternal Justice thundering hurls
 Upon the tyrant's head !

BURNING OF ROME.

Ille dies primus leti, primusque malorum
Caussa fuit.—VIRGIL.

WHAT gayly decked comedian whirls
 In his chariot through the streets,
With his painted face and perfumed curls,
 Fresh from venereal feats ?
The wanton strumpet with soft glee
 Th' imperial pander eyes,
The crouching slave low bends his knee,
 The good alone deep sighs.

'Tis Nero, aye ! in evil hour
 Sprung forth to the world's disgrace,
Madly rushing in lust-mingled pow'r
 Along the tyrant's trace.

From natal Antium he tracks
His satellites of woe,
Where mounting in sulphureous racks
Rome's flames of ruin glow.

That work is his—a poet feigned
He has versed the fate of Troy,
And now comes to glut his eyes foul-stained
With Priam's envied joy.
Another city from Rome's dust
Shall spring to grace his name ;
A golden palace wills his lust
To spread his wanton fame.

Out of the city, thwart the meads
By the Tiber's waters laved,
Upward to the Sabine hill he speeds,
Where once proud Tatius raved.
Th' embattled tower he ascends,
Decked in theatric trails ;
With dancing, song, and music blends
The fire-scoured victims' wails.

Heart-piercing shrieks of millions rise
From low huts and princely halls ;
The wild hissing flames mount to the skies,
Loud crash the crumbling walls.
The domes of princely Palatine
Sink with terrific sound,
The regal wealth of Capitoline
Melts on the heated ground.

In vain the fiery tempest's soar
Myriad arms undaunted brave;
Vain the fountains, channels, river pour
Their copious, ceaseless wave:
On drives the maddened flaming blast
Along the wealth-strewn streets;
On to homes new and distant fast
The flame devouring fleets.

As when upon the battle-field
The unwearied soldier's war,
And already thousand foemen yield
To their victorious car;
Sudden from out their marshalled host
Unknown new traitors spring—
Confusion smites th' undaunted most;
Death flaps her bloody wing.

So when the glimmering flames the shower
Of the warring waters drank,
And beneath the sturdy manly power
The fires already sank;
Lo! here and there, on every side
Dark, muffled demons ran,
And to realms smiling, far and wide,
Of black wastes led the van.

“Who are ye? villains!” thousands cry—
Fierce they draw th’ avenging steel—
“Dare and strike!” the grinning fiends reply;
“We do the emperor’s will!”

And triumphing they onward rush
 The lambent flames to spread,
 Rome's ancient palaces to crush,
 And heap the mountain dead.

Still on his tower the tyrant beast
 Sings and dances with wild joy,
 And his eye gluts with the fiendish feast
 Of realized old Troy.
 He fears not: by his lying soul
 Can eke this crime be decked;
 And all Rome's fury he can roll
 On Christ's long hated sect.



THE THUNDERING LEGION.

*'Ex νεφέων δέ οἱ ἀντά-
 ὅσε βροντᾶς αἴσιον
 φθέγμα λαμπρὰ δῆλθον ἀκτῖ-
 γες στεροπᾶς ἀπορηγύμεναι.
 'Αμπνοὰν δῆρωες ἔστα-
 σαν θεοῦ σάμασι
 πιθόμενοι.*

PINDAR.

IN Moravia's blood-drenched forest
 Lay the panting Roman host;
 Fled had all their martial courage,
 All their vaunting jeer and boast.

Far around no tiny streamlet
Through the scorched valley crept,
Not a cloud in rainy showers
Through the simmering heavens swept.

Round their camp atween the fir-trees
Glared the Quadi's lurking eye—
Deadly silence reigned—and fiercely
Rose the savage battle-cry.

To their feet the wearied Romans
With Mavortian struggle sprang,
Grasped their arms—but from their parchèd
Lips no proud “Per Martem” rang.

From his war-horse called Aurelius,
On his Christian Meletine—
They with clinched swords on the war-field
Knelt and prayed the Help Divine.

Strangely looked the startled pagan—
Up they rose—and lo! a cloud
From the east upspringing swiftly
Wraps the heaven in its shroud.

Softly o'er the panting Romans
Cool and copious rain-drops flow:
From their left they quaff the shower,
With their right hand charge the foe.

O'er their heads the cooling shower,
O'er their foes the howling storm:
They with strength renewed battling,
These stretched low with dire alarm!

In their terror-stricken faces
 Blows the thund'ring hail-brewed wind,
 And the lurid streaks of lightning
 With sulphureous sheen them blind.

On the ground sink wounded thousands,
 To the woods the blinded fly ;
 And through all the fir-grown forest
 Rings the Quadi's funeral cry.

Seventh time emperor Aurelius
 By his soldiers is proclaimed ;
 And the brave Armenian cohorts
 Are the Thundering Legion named.



THE GOLDEN LADDER.

Quanto gaudio exsultare credendus est illorum animus, qui corporis admixtione solutus in cœlestes ignes sempiternasque domos, unde exierat, revertit !

AUCTOR DE CONSOLATIONE.

O'ER the doomful towers of Carthage
 Night's black shade of silence fell,
 Where Perpetua, the martyr,
 Lingered in her prison cell.

Stretched immovable she fainted
 On the horse-shaped board of pain,
 With her feet bound in the nervus
 Gory from the cruel strain.

Freed of cares the tender infant
Slept upon his mother's breast;
She, too, slumbered : heavenly spirits
Had her pained limbs eased to rest.

Sudden through the gloomy dungeon
Poured a bright, ethereal light,
And before the slumbering matron
Was outspread a marvellous sight :

She beheld a golden ladder
Reaching from her parent clime
To the heavens, yet so narrow,
But one could at once it climb.

Both its sides with sharp-edged weapons
Threatening to the eye were spread :
Swords and hooks and knives and lances,
All that grim war ever bred.

At the ladder's foot a dragon
Of a huge and direful size
Lay upcoiled, to fright the daring
Longer for th' inviting skies.

Yet defiant of the monster
See ! young Saturus appeared,
Bounded o'er him, and the ladder
To its last round scaled unfear'd.

Turning then unto the matron :
“Come, Perpetua, follow me !
But be careful, lest the dragon
Dart his poisoned fangs at thee !”

"In the name of Christ I fear not!"
Quick Perpetua replied ;
Sprang up from her clanking fetters,
And the monster fearless eyed.

He, as if his rage forgetful,
Gently drooped his horrid head,
And the dauntless matron suffered
On his awful brow to tread.

Thence from step to step the golden
Horror-mingled ladder high
Scaled the heroine, till the liquid
Regions trod she of the sky.

There immeasured stretched a garden
Decked with fructed trees and flowers,
Cooled with nectar-streaming fountains,
Dappled with ambrosial bowers.

In the midst she saw 'tween thousands,
Clad in snowy robes and bright,
A tall man dressed like a shepherd
And with hair like silver white.

He was sitting on the greensward,
Milking a white-fleeced ewe.
When he saw th' ascended matron
Ravished at th' unwonted view :

"Hail, Perpetua! come hither!"
Loud he cried ; "be undismayed!"
In her hands he put (gift wondrous !)
Snow-white curds himself had made.

She them gently took and ate them ;
“Amen !” answered all around.—
Startled in her gloomy prison
Waked Perpetua at the sound.

But the sweet taste still remaining
Told it not an empty dream ;
And the martyr’s crown of glory
Shed a brighter, nearer beam.

CECILIA.

Cede repugnanti; cedendo victor abibis!—OVID.

NIGHT had closed the festal wedding, ceased had music’s
charmful strain,
To their homes with hearts buoyant had returned the
kindred train :
In her queenly nuptial chamber lonely sate the beau-
teous maid,
Like a blooming lily, in her snow-white bridal dress
arrayed.

Fair was she and sweet and lovely, modest, angel-like
and bland,
And no Roman youth but wistfully had wooed her happy
hand ;

But, though forced an earthly spouse to wed, she fled
his longing arms,
For a heavenly spouse had long ago secured her virgin
charms.

Sadly beat her heart within her breast as lonely thus
she sate,
When, lo! oped the door, and in Valerian stepped with
joys elate.
Warmly swelled his youthful bosom as the bonny maid
he eyed,
And he proudly joyed for having spoused the loveliest
Roman bride.

Fain his sweet Cecilia to him would he rapturously
have pressed;
But the virgin now serenely rose, and gently him ad-
dressed :
“ My Valerian, know that I have my hand and my love
given
Long ago to one more worthy spouse, the King of earth
and heaven !

Yet shall hence thy true and loving spouse I never
cease to be,
Only let my virgin beauty e'er untouched remain in me;
For if not—know that an angel of my heavenly spouse
between
Me and thee with flaming sword shall stand, and my
chaste virtue screen !”

The warm youth divinely touched refrained, and modestly replied :

" May I ask to see this spirit bright, who watches o'er my bride?"

" Well, thou may'st," the virgin answered; " but not till the spotless wave

Of our saving faith thy tainted brow from pagan vices lave.

In the Appian sub-city of the Christians thou wilt find Pontiff Urban, who will gladly guide and ease thy wavering mind.

Go to him, and, when baptized, again come thither at this hour,

And my angel thou shalt see with me, and own his heavenly pow'r."

Thus Cecilia : and Valerian with wondering heart withdrew.—

Night and day rolled by—and o'er proud Rome the shades of evening grew :

From her palace-bordered streets hid in the darkness lone and dense

Wound the youth into the dim-lit halls of the Valerian gens.

With a fluttering breast and hurried step he paced the marble floor

Of the atrium, and gently rapped the bridal chamber's door;

Oped the valves with trembling hand, and lo ! his
beauteous spouse beside
In celestial splendor wrapt he sees the angel toward
him glide.

Not a sword he waved—but in his hands two crowns he
held of flowers,
Plucked, the one from lilyed fields, the other from the
rosy bowers :
With the wreath of snow-white lilies fair Cecilia he
crowned,
And around Valerian's brow the garland of red roses
wound.



DOROTHEA.

Flores amoenos ferre jube rosæ !—HORACE.

ON the corse-strewn scaffold
The virgin stands,
To the bluey heavens
She lifts her hands.

“Oh, my spouse beloved !”
She longing sighs ;
“Take thy bride unto thee,
Who for thee dies !

From this bleaky desert
My spirit wing
To thy rosy gardens'
Perennial spring!"

The which words Theophilus
Contemptuous hears,
And the good Dorothea
Thus taunting jeers :

" Good maiden, pray, send me
From thy sweet love
Some fruit and some flowers
That grow above!"

" Thou shalt have them!" sweetly
The maid replied.—
Then awhile the heavens
She praying eyed.

Scarce a minute prayed she,
And see! a bright,
Glittering angel stood at
The virgin's right.

To the youth he offered
Three roses red
And three apples mellow,
And thus he said :

" Take these fruits and flowers,
That grow above
In the blooming gardens
Of Dorothea's love!"

Up he flew—and gently
Her beauteous head
On the block the virgin
Heroic laid.

Yet Theophilus wondering
His present eyed ;
But, when bled the maiden,
He loudly cried :

“ I, too, am a Christian,
Come, eke me slay ! ”
To Apricius swiftly
He leaped away.

Where had died the virgin,
He placed his head,
And his crimsoned spirit
Heavenward fled.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

*Oīγ' ἀσπαίροντες ἀείροντο προτὶ πέτρας
 αὐτοῦ δὲ εἰνὶ θύρῃσι κατήσθιε κεκλήγοντας,
 χεῖρας . . . ὀρέγοντας ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι.*

HOMER.

To ST. GEORGE, the valiant tribune,
 Came the people far and wide—
 Men and women, maids and children—
 And they screamed and wept and cried:

“Oh, brave knight, come, haste and help us!
 Or we all shall wretched die
 ’Neath the dragon’s teeth, who fiercely
 Kills and ruins far and nigh.

In a rocky mountain cavern
 Night and day he lies upcoiled,
 And, ah! wo th’ unwary wanderer
 By his horrid den beguiled!

Just now has he seized a maiden,
 Alexandra, sweet and fair:
 As she passed the cave, he bore her
 In his jaws into his lair.”

"Bring my armor and my war-horse!
With God's help the beast I slay!"
Cried the knight, put on his armor,
On his war-horse dashed away.

'Twixt famed Haly's roaring waters
And huge, rocky mountain steeps,
Where the Via Cappadocia
Narrowing and snakelike creeps;

There, when night had eyed his ravings,
Yet insatiate for prey,
While the light shone outward, in a
Cavern dark the dragon lay.

High upon his mettled courser
Pranced along th' adventurous knight,
By his left swung a Damaskin,
And a huge lance grasped his right.

On he bounded by the river
And the rocky cliffs around—
When, hark! from the mountain bowels
Thundered a terrific sound.

Sudden from his dreaded cavern
Out the horrid monster dashed;
Madly roared he like loud thunder
And his eyes like lightning flashed.

From his wide-oped jaws the forked
Tongue hissed sulphurous flames around;
In huge windings snakelike ending
Furrowing swept his tail the ground.

With scales thickly laid and closely
Was his monstrous back o'erspread :
Both he shot forth like a serpent,
And four footed onward sped.

Toward the knight he madly darted,
With his dreaded mouth oped wide.
Terror struck the mettled war-horse
Reared up high, and pranced aside.

Seizing now his lance, and aiming
At his foe the knight it flung ;
But the shivered splinters only
Idly from his scaled back sung.

Vexed to rage the furious monster
Yawning at the warrior flew,
Lashed his tail, and horse and rider
To the ground low quivering threw.

Fain he would have turned devouring,
But the knight still conscious spied
Him unscaled, and thrust his broadsword
To the hilt into his side.

Down he fell, huge, power-and-lifeless,
Swimming in his heart's black blood.
O'er him, breathing thankful prayers
The victorious champion stood.

But, see ! what mysterious maiden
From the cavern joyous springs,
Bath'd in tears before the victor
To his knees thanks pouring clings ?

“What! behold I Alexandra,
Famed dead in the cave beneath?
What mysterious power saved thee
From the dragon’s cruel teeth?”

“Aye, brave knight! and scarcely know I
How escaped I dismal death;
Clutched already ’twixt his teeth and
Smothering in his poisonous breath.

But a stranger hand with wondrous
Power held the beast intralled,
And from brutally devouring
Me at once his rage appalled.

Flung into a darksome corner
I untasted breathless lay;
Every moment seemed my last one,
Ne’er I dreamed to see the day.

Suddenly the dreaded monster
Dashed out as if driven thence.—
Hope renewed—behind the dragon
Groped I through the darkness dense.

When at last the light beamed on me,
Here I saw the combat fierce,
'Neath my eyes thee, my deliverer,
Through his heart my captor pierce.”

“God be praised!” St. George cried thankful;
With delight his bosom glowed—
On his steed he took the maiden,
And triumphant homeward rode.

THE FORTY CROWNED.

Ite triumphales circumdati tempora lauru!—OVID.

ON Sebaste's frozen lake
Forty Christian soldiers stood :
Fiercely blew the northern blast,
And congealed their flushless blood.

Brave were they and true and stanch,
And on many a gory field
Had they to their eagle twelfth
Forced the haughty foe to yield.

But in vain their gallant deeds
Could a tyrant assuage :
They were Christians—and must
Glut the thankless pagan's rage.

Driven from the warmed camp
Naked on the icy plain—
Three long hours had fled—yet swept
O'er the lake their joyous strain.

On the shore near by a bath
Warmly heated was prepared
For the coward, who the pangs
Of the wintry blast not dared.

Yet before, like Christian braves,
On the ice they took their stand,
Had they prayed that not a man
Might be wrested from their band.

At the bath a vigil-guard
Watched the martyrs on the lake.—
Midnight reigned—the watchmen slept,
But the janitor kept wake.

As he gazed the martyr-band,
Lo! a dazzling splendor beamed
O'er their heads, and all the lake
With celestial spirits gleamed.

Thirty-nine he saw, of whom
Each a crown held in his hand,
Which they placed upon the brows
Of the joying martyr-band.

“Thirty-nine?”—the janitor
Asked himself—“how can it be?
Were not forty soldiers placed
Naked on the frozen sea?—

Ah! here is the mystery solved:
See yon dastard coward there
Sneaking toward the heated bath,
And deprived thus of his share!

What strange thought my bosom fires?—
Why not I his crown me gain?
That the Christian God is true
Clearly shows yon glorious train.—

Aye, I go : a few hard hours
Will secure me endless joys ;
Vainly bliss I seek here, there
Naught my happiness e'er cloys."

Said, and bounding o'er the ice
He between the band him placed ;
And eftsoons an angel eke
With a crown his forehead graced.

Ah ! how blissful was his lot !
Oh ! how dire the coward's doom !
Basely fled he from the ice,
In the bath to find his tomb.

But the forty on the lake
Sang anew their joyous strain,
Morning eyed their souls in heav'n,
Lit their corses on the plain.

THE VISION OF THE DAY.

Quantum valeat hoc signum, et quid habeat potestatis, in promptu est; quum omnis daemonum cohors hoc signo expellatur ac fugetur.—LACTANTIUS.

'TWAS noon, and from the snow-capped Alpine crests
the golden rays
Of Sol alternate to and fro in dazzling, quivering blaze
Danced on the polished steel of helmets, lances, swords,
and shields
Of warriors prancing on their steeds athwart Etruria's
fields.

Brave champions they, in camp fatigues and battle's
din grown old;
No barbarous weald, no smiling plain, that not their
valor told;
Their lips laughed danger, from their eyes flashed a de-
fiant glare,
And conscious their war-steeds snuffed with glee the
death-filled air.

Their leader proudly gazed upon his stanch and fearless
band,
As valiantly they vied to execute his least demand.
Yet young was he, but dear to all as brave Constan-
tius' son,
And loudly hailed by warriors for the spoils his arms
had won.

For struggling 'gainst a rival by a tyrant's smile upheld
He step by step the haughty foe had from his realms repelled ;
Arminius' warlike sons had forced back to their forest-hold,
And Gaul's rebellious hordes beneath his vassal-flag enrolled.

Yet in the queenly capital the haughty rival swayed,
And dimly shone th' imperial crown unless with Rome arrayed.

Hence decked with Gallia's laurels thwart the Alp-king's hoary crest
His legions had he poured, the diadem from his foe to wrest.

Brave were his trusty warriors, but doubled by the foe,
And pensively good Constantine mused on th' unequal blow :

What, howe'er bold his warriors were, could one oppose to two,

When not on Gallian but on Roman braves their swords they drew ?

While prudent fears commingling thus with thoughts upsoaring high

Yet bravely on he led his host 'neath Italy's cloudless sky,

Lo ! suddenly above the brightly blazing noonday sun
A red-illumined cross with golden sheen surrounded shone.

Upon the horizontal shaft four lesser crosses gleamed,
Like crystal pearls together sown in crimson tinged
they seemed;
While on the perpendicular beam in letters large and
gold
The words : "In this sign thou wilt conquer!" shone in
heavenly mould.

The emperor first eyed the wondrous sign, and thought-
ful gazed,
Upon his warriors all he called awe-stricken and
amazed ;
No heart though steeled in iron war but throbbed with
strange affright,
And e'en the war-horses pranced back with terror at
the sight.

Awhile thus mute and terror-struck the vision strange
they eyed,
When, as if by a seer inspired, the emperor loudly cried :
" Lo ! warriors ! this marvellous sign, what else does it
presage,
But that 'neath it alone we can victorious battles
wage !

Why still with lifeless gods we strive the enemy to
o'ercome ?
What profits it to sacrifice to statues deaf and dumb ?
Has Jove e'er o'er our dying host swept in his boasted
power,
As whilom waved the Christians' thundering God in
saving shower ?

In vain a bloody deluge of three hundred years has
drenched
The world-wide Roman land—the Christian flame gleams
still unquenched.
Who but insane will yet presume against such power
to rage,
And madly with the God-allied his impious warfare
wage ?

My valiant father always strove the Christian to de-
fend,
Nor ever 'mid his court or host he found a truer friend.
Shall I, his son, who in his foot-prints glory me to
tread,
Be stranger to his noble heart, and grieve his slumber-
ing head ?

Ah, no ! e'en more ! yon brilliant sign, that darts such
lovely rays,
The certain victories obtained beneath its sheen por-
trays !
Me, happiest, first of Cæsar's heirs, its conquering
words invite
To rear it as my standard, and thus crush th' usurper's
might.

High though upsoar our lofty thoughts, discreetness
lays them low,
If aidless else we battle with a twofold mightier foe ;

So let us, then, 'gainst eagled hosts, as yon bright words
ordain,
'Neath cross-lit ensigns combat, and the victory we
shall gain !"

He ceased—and from the lips of all the shouts of joy-
ance rose,
They loudly asked beneath the cross the enemy to
oppose ;
Each strove the first himself and steed to deck with
the loved sign,
And brightly waved the pennon new before each war-
rior line.

Oh happiest day of triumph ! when on Tiber's corse-
strewn bank
The minions of Satan 'neath the Saviour's standard
sank.
From Palatine's imperial dome the fabled Jove was
hurled,
And on its gilded pinnacle the cross-striped flag un-
furled.

THE
CHRISTIAN AND THE MOSLEM.

(73)

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE MOSLEM.

Not less earnestly than those of the first three centuries do the Christians in struggle with the fanatic disciples of Mahomet deserve our lasting and heartfelt gratitude. To them after God we owe not only our religion, but our civilization, our learning, and our liberty. In their virtues and chivalrous feats more than in any others has the poet found a perennial stream for the refreshment of his mind. He there meets with the fearless warrior, the dauntless heroine, the mail-clad prelate, the praying nun; yet, however different their individual sympathies, how contrary soever their national feelings, one uniting spirit, the spirit of Christian charity and religious zeal, spreads her wings over them all, and makes them breathe as though they were but one soul. Particularly in that fair land of chivalry, romantic Spain, does the Muse love to linger and carol her most delectable strains. The Moslems there, already softened and ennobled by their constant communication with the Christians, assisted to portray in more brilliant colors the knightly virtues of their foes, which they themselves labored partly to imitate. But their imitation was shallow and insincere; their undiverted aim was to spread the undivided dominion of semi-barbarous fanaticism: they, therefore, richly deserved their disastrous overthrow; and even now, if justice were the standard of the world, should they be driven from the luxuriant regions which still they wrongfully possess, and be exiled into their original desert homes of Arabia.

CARISIUS AND OTELIA.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl, Death, my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripped by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
“Had my friend’s Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I’ll read, his for his love.”

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

“SCARCELY sets the bridal evening, and already thou
wilt go,
Scarcely cease the nuptial organs, and the battle-
trumpets blow,
Scarcely have I known to love thee, when my loving
heart thou bleed’st,
Scarcely have I clasped thee to me, when away from me
thou speed’st !”

“Oh, my dear Otelia ! banish from thy mind the sombre
thought;
Well thou know’st that higher duty to this sad resolve
me brought:

That, when calls the holy Pontiff for the rescue of
Christ's land,
I no longer can be tardy, but must join his warrior-
band.

Yet let hence thee not be troubled, for, though I awhile
thee leave,

Soon the bugle of my coming will thy sorrowing heart
relieve.

Then within this beauteous castle shall our loves re-
newed grow,

And the years of peace and quiet in unended raptures
flow."

Thus upon the lordly castle of the counts of Pandore
Spent Carisius in sad converse with his spouse the
bridal day :

She lamenting o'er her sudden separation from her love,
He her grief and his consoling with the calling from
above.

On that morn within the chapel, at the altar's sacred
shrine,

Had they joined their hands in wedlock, and exchanged
their vows divine.

Lovelier pair had never entered through that old an-
cestral door,

Not a Pandore a lovelier maiden e'er had wooed before.

As she stood there at the altar in her dress of snowy
white,

Round her brow the jeweled crownet sparkling far the
golden light,

You would think a heavenly beauty, such as earth
could never own,
In the skies ethereal nurtured, to our faded realms
had flown.

From her bluey eyes the radiance of the morning's mild
star beamed,
On her rosy lips the sweetness of the spring's first
blossom teemed,
On her cheek the rose and lily bloomed in fragrance
sweet and fair,
And adown her neck of ivory fell her locks of chestnut
hair.

Scarce she numbered twenty summers, when she left
her parent-fount,
That old castle of Saluvo, proudly perched on Alpine
mount,
To be wedded to Carisius, youthful heir of Pandore,
Noble type of manly beauty, lustrous flower of chiv-
alry.

Now the noonday's festive banquet had just ended,
when the bell
Of the watch-tower rang deeply, and the drawbridge
heavy fell ;
O'er it sped a knight, whose armor sparkled in the
golden light,
With a cross on breast and silken pennon fluttering in
his right.

Quickly leaped he from his courser, stepped into the festive hall—

Where the fair with terror whitened, and suspense o'er-clouded all—

Nobly bowed he to the bridegroom and the maiden at his side,

Then proclaimed his weighty message, and the purport of his ride.

“On his Son in Christ beloved, on the Count of Pandore,

Calls his Holiness the Pontiff, and th’ Imperial Majesty,

That as vassal brave and faithful he join in the warrior-band

Vowed to rescue Christ’s sepulchre from the impious Arab’s hand.”

Scarce had passed his lips the message, than athwart the deathlike hall

Rang the spouse’s shriek of anguish, and appalled the hearts of all,

On the breast of her love sank she, in her eyes dread and alarm;

And in fear of losing him around his neck entwined her arm.

But the gallant young Carisius, though with grief nigh rent his breast,

Clasping still his beauteous maiden, thus the courier addressed :

“Tell our Lords, that Pandore’s heir with his small but
valiant band

Will not fail to join their troopers in the rescue of
Christ’s land.”

In outfitting for the campaign horrid warfare’s fierce
array,

In adieus and tears and wishes passed the people’s
after day;

In persuading and consoling his sad love the youthy
count

Spent the hours, until the sun sank low behind the
pine-topped mount.

But when spread the shades of evening o’er the castle’s
highest tower,

Then up sprang the maiden sudden, as if roused by
secret power:

“My heart’s love, my dear Carisius, list my purpose
sent divine,

With thee go I to the combat, cross with thee the-
enemy’s line !

Waste thee not, my love ! endeavoring to change my
fixed mind,

God himself inspires me with it, and the means he knows
to find.

So when dawns the rosy morrow, and the battle-trumpets
blow,

At thy side will I ride with thee, at thy side will fight
the foe.”

"Oh my life!" sobbed young Carisius, as he pressed her to his heart;
"Well I know that thine intention love-inspired naught can thwart:
Then, in life and death united, to the combat shall we ride,
And or safe return together or expire there side by side."

II.

Brightly through the eastern heavens rode the blood-red king of day,
And upon the Holy City's towers poured his golden ray;
Where the Saracen stood fiercely waiting for the dreaded foe,
That arrayed beneath the banners of the cross deployed below.

For awhile athwart the ramparts spread the silent calm of death,
And the boldest of the warriors held in mute suspense his breath—
Till the clarion shrill sounded, and the louder trumpet blew,
And upon the bristling battlements the Christian missiles flew.

With each throw the murderous catapult a heavier fragment reared,
With each throw the men-filled tower toward the crumbling ramparts neared,

With each throw the stricken Seljuck tumbled from the wall on high,

With each throw arose the Christian's victorious battle-cry.

Yet at noon the bloody battle raged, and yet it fiercer grew,

Yet the Mussulman fell heavily, and yet the huge rock flew;

While to thousands stricken on the wall fresh thousands forward sprang,

And the battle-drum the funeral dirge and fresh assaulting rang.

'Mong the warriors that in the ranks of Godfrey foremost stood,

Whose puissant arm beneath them traced a stream of pagan blood,

Shone superior a youthy pair, who 'mid the murderous tide

Of the rush and maddening conflict fought inseparate side by side.

He at right a brave and handsome youth arrayed in warlike sheen,

She at left a beauteous maid adorned with meek and lovely mien;

For a maiden still her milk-white face and softer blush her showed,

And though love-impelled her sword but feebly wielded ruin sowed.

Aye, I knew them still! my memory yet thought of
that loved pair,
Who in Pandore of late them vowed the woes of war to
share,
When united scarce in nuptials sweet they heard the
shrill horn blow,
That resounded through the land the wrongs of Christ's
barbarian foe.

Still I thought of young Otelia, the loveliest of all
maids,
. How she modestly and fairly bloomed, a lily in the
glades;
How her bosom throbbed with fear and love upon that
bridal even,
When she made her vows heroic to her spouse and
willing heaven.

Though her beauteous form no longer decked the robe
of snowy white,
Though the weary march and sultry air had cast o'er
her their blight;
Yet encased in knightly armor, on her brow the glitter-
ing helm,
She effulged a lustrous Seraph nurtured in celestial
realm.

By her side stood young Carisius, noble heir of Pan-
dore,
'Mid the knights most valiant and true in Italia's bright
array:

More majestic now than e'er he seemed, his face divinely glowed,
From his eyes the rays of bravery and lovely ardor flowed.

'Tween the clarion's shrill and rampart's crash and warrior's cheering cry
Rang the champion's loved watchword and the maid's responsive sigh,
As he called on his Otelia not to tremble at his side,
And the maid: "How can I fear with thee, Carisius dear?" replied.

'Neath their strokes united many a brave the slippery ground pressed,
And the smitten cimeter the strength of Alpine steel confessed :
With the mighty arm of Pandore Saluvo's weaker hand
Smote the infidel, and spread his bed upon the gory sand.

Thus they fought until the flaming orb the sacred third hour told;
When against the bristling rampart Godfrey's thundering tower rolled,
And with lightning speed his fiery braves in thousands scaled the wall,
And the drum no longer muffled beat the Moslem's heaven-struck fall.

Then amid the first that o'er the crumbling bulwark
forward dashed
Undivided still that gallant pair their blood-stained
sabres flashed ;
When—lo ! whizzed a deadly shaft into the virgin's
throbbing heart—
“Oh—Carisius—my love !” she sighed; “alas ! we now
must part !”

“Never,” cried the youth, “my heart's love, shall I
sever me from thee !
My Otelia as in life thou wast, in death thou eke shalt
be !”
To his breast he pressed her with his left, he kissed her
death-pale lips,
With his valiant right he burnished off the arrowy
eclipse.

Thus awhile he stood against the foe that nearer on
him pressed,
Till a partner-arrow of the first oped als his noble
breast :
Slow he dropped the sword, his right about his spouse's
neck he wound ;
With their heart's blood mingled, arm in arm, they sank
upon the ground.

Not till flushed with joyous victory the cross the cres-
cent fought,
Should they meet the death, the loved one, united
which they sought ;

Not till trod their feet the sacred soil, where God redeeming bled,
Should the whizzing shaft their loving hearts in bleeding nuptials wed.

In the city drenched with God-Man's gore, in martyr-tomb enshrined,
With their breasts transfixed, in death's embrace, the lovers lie entwined:
Still in death the love, which made in life their hearts one, they proclaim,
And adorn the monument of Christian love's undying fame.



GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

Oh pietas! oh prisca fides! invietaque bello
Dextera! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
Obvius armato, seu quum pedes iret in hostem,
Seu spumantis equi foderet ealcaribus armos.—VIRGIL.

THROUGH the ranks of Christian warriors
Lying 'neath strong Antioch's tow'rs
Anxiously rode a chieftain
In the morning's breezy hours.

High and sturdy was his stature,
Powerful his sinewy frame,
Death presaged to aught that quivered
'Neath his arm's unerring aim.

Bright his flaxen locks the helmet
With the cross emblazoned pressed,
And the leader's cross, the golden,
Glittered on his mail-clad breast.

By his left a sheen Damaskin
Wrenched from Islam's monarch hung,
In his right a huge spear steel-tipped
Like a slender reed he swung.

Proudly with his noble rider
Pranced along the warlike steed,
Snuffed with glee the breeze of morning,
Restless pawed the dewy mead.

Brave and fearless though the warrior,
Yet beneath his iron dress
Beat a heart with gentle pity,
And his eye gleamed tenderness.

As he passed atween his legions,
Thousand joyous faces shone,
And a thousand lips low whispered:
“Lo! the brave, good Bouillon!”

On each soldier looked he sweetly,
Spoke to each a kindly word,
That the sturdy braves eyed joyly
A dear brother in their lord.

By the wounded and the dying
Knelt he down upon the ground,
Him caressed, and with the balsam
Poured his tears into his wound.

Shall I tell, oh valiant Godfrey!
How thou slew'st the great Emeer,
Who careering from the city
Like Goliah spread his fear?

Shall I tell, oh dauntless Godfrey!
How thou seiz'dst the mountain boar,
Like Ulysses, and thy cim'ter
Buriedst in his heart's black gore?

Shall I tell, oh heaven-blessed Godfrey!
How o'er Sion's holy tower
Thou beheld'st angelic warriors
Aid thee with celestial power?

No! thy warlike prowess dwindles
'Neath thy piety's fair sheen;
Dimmed thy eye flushed with brave ardor
Glimmers in thy tender mien.

Whom but love of blood and plunder
To the horrid combat speeds,
Whose base souls aught scarcely differ
From their carnage-nurtured steeds:

Them let senseless, minion prattlers
E'er as slaughter's champions hail;
All the good and noble ever
Shall them curse as earth's worst bale.

Thou, unequalled great Bouillon!
Stand'st the first in virtue's van;
On thy brow blooms e'er truth's laurel,
Greatest warrior, kindest man!

ROBERT AND LUCIA.

Sehnend breit' ich meine Arme
 Nach dem theuren Schattenbild,
 Ach, ich kann es nicht erreichen,
 Und das Herz bleibt ungestillt!—SCHILLER.

COUNT ROBERT was a gallant youth,
 Bologna's love and pride:
 In battle and in tournament
 All warriors he outvied;
 He was so kind, he was so good,
 Like father to the poor;
 To every sufferer and distressed
 Lay ope his castle-door.

One morn, ah, what a hapless morn!
 All guileless, unaware,
 He went into the convent-church
 To breathe his morning pray'r:
 That spot, where Christ-espousèd maids
 In sweet seclusion dwelt,
 Shut from the world, its poisoned joys
 Unfeeling and unfelt.

Now from their lone and gloomy cells,
 In pensive long array,
 Across the choir the paly nuns
 Went to their desks to pray.

One in their midst more young and fair,
In mien more noble, came,
Known to the world for former wealth,
And Lucia was her name.

The young count saw her pass before,
And suddenly his heart
Burned with unwonted fires, transfixed
With love's wild torturing dart.
He gazed and gazed, and deeper still
The soft attachment grew,
And nearer to the charmful maid
His loving soul him drew.

Morn after morn, when scarce the door
Oped, was he kneeling there ;
To pray he came not, it was but
To gaze upon his fair.
The pious maid at last him eyed,
And instantly concealed
Her from his look, nor ever more
Her beauteous face revealed.

Count Robert saw his slighted love,
Deep sorrow filled his breast ;
But eft he seized a strange resolve,
And thus his God addressed :
“ Oh, Lord ! while earthly love me slights,
Thine will I seek above ;
Will on the plains of Palestine
Prove with the sword my love ! ”

He went, and on Judea's plains
Maintained his warrior fame :
Through Christian and through Moslem ranks
Careered his valiant name.
On Salem's turban-crowded walls
Among the first he sprang ;
On Ascalon's wide field of gore
Bright triumph first he rang.

But, ah ! the worthier the prize,
More greedily 'tis sought ;
Where bravery outshines the foe,
Insidious schemes are wrought.
One day, while through a dark defile
All lone he careless wound,
A hundred turbans rushed on him,
And helplessly him bound.

Stretched on the dread rack for his faith,
And writhing 'neath the pain :
“Oh, holy virgin !” he exclaimed ;
“Chaste Lucia, without stain !
If still thou livest, pray for him
Who loved so deeply thee ;
But if in heaven thou reignest, turn
God's pitying eye on me !”

He prayed; anon athwart his limbs
Sweet slumber softly crept ;
No more he felt the racking pain,
Unconsciously he slept ;

Eftsoons he waked, and lo ! the chains
Just worn lay by his side,
And glittering in the sun's bright rays
The convent's towers he eyed.

See there ! his love in heavenly sheen
Before him wondering gleamed.
“Oh, liv'st thou still, my Lucia !”
He cried, and thought he dreamed.
“Ah, well I live,” the maid replied,
“But in the realms above ;
Go now, and on my grave thy chains
Place, as a gift of love !”

She said, and through the liquid skies
Soared like a sunny ray ;
He rising hastened to the spot
Where her fair body lay.
His chains he dropped, a thankful gift,
Upon her green-turfed grave ;
But more than this, a lovelier boon,
His life he there her gave.

BATTLE OF LUCENA.

Santiago y cierra España!
La illah ill' Allah, Mohammed Resoul Allah!

WAR-CRIES OF THE SPANIARDS AND MOSLEMS.

“SANTIAGO! Santiago!”
Count de Cabra joyous cried ;
“Santiago! Santiago!”
Gay his Spaniards replied.

“Allah Achbar! Allah Achbar!”
Ali Atar fiercely cried ;
“Allah Achbar! Allah Achbar!”
Fierce his Mussulmans replied.

As the torrent from the mountain
Down into the valley sweeps,
As the lion from the thicket
On the grazing roebuck leaps ;

Andalusia’s gallant army
Down into the vega swept,
Count de Cabra down careering
On the king Abdallah leaped.

“Take my arms!” the timid-hearted
El Zogoybi faintly cried ;
And with stringent cords and fetters
His soft, trembling hands were tied.

But the fierce old Ali Atar
Shot a death-glance at the king,
And anew the Moslem war-cry
Made athwart the vega ring.

Fiercely raged the bloody battle,
Rang the shout and dying scream,
Reddened dripped the grassy valley,
Crimson rolled the ruffled stream.

Hand to hand the warriors battled,
On the slippery ground sank,
Rolling from the steep embankment
Xenel's blood-tinged waters drank.

O'er the din of clanking armor
Ali Atar's cry arose,
Madly urging on his warriors,
Dealing right and left his blows.

Stung with mingled wrath and envy
Don Alonzo he beheld ;
How his doughtiest braves he slaughtered,
And alone his host repelled.

For with holy indignation
Burned the Andalusian brave :
Still he thought of dire Malaga,
Andalusia's horrid grave.

Fired with rage the panting Moslem
Toward the Christian spurred his steed,
Pranced askant, and at the warrior
Hurled his iron-pointed reed.

Aimed in wrath the reeking weapon
But the chieftain's corselet speared;
Foiled the Moor his trenchant scym'tar
Drew, and toward the knight careered.

But the wary Don Alonzo
Met the deadly vaunted blow,
And returned each idle sword-stroke
With a deep wound on his foe.

Now they fought upon their war-steeds,
Then unto the ground they sank;
Now they grappled in the waters,
Then they battled up the bank.

Spread with wounds old Ali Atar
Dropped exhausted on the sand;
Don Alonzo eyed him pitying,
And held out his warrior-hand:

“Come, and give thyself a captive;
All thy braves lie dead around!”
“Never!” cried the furious Moslem;
“Never to a Christian hound!”

Scarce the impious defiance
From his haughty lips had fled,
When the sword of Don Alonzo
Clove in twain his turbaned head.

Not a groan from his tongue quivering
Wrung the horrid deadly wound;
'Neath the Xenel rolled his body,
Ne'er the Mussulman it found.

O'er the scattered Moorish squadrons
Clouds of hopeless terror grew—
Spoiled of leader to the mountains
In despair and fear they flew.

“Santiago ! Santiago !”
Still the Spaniards joyous cried ;
But no Moslem in the vega :
“Allah Achbar!” fierce replied.



THE WOFUL NEWS.

What messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?—SCOTT.

'TWAS eve, and from the lofty towers of Loxa longing
eyed
The sentinels the vega watered by the Xenel's tide :
Each glowed the first their valiant host triumphant to
descry,
Each longed the first their warlike captain's pennon
proud to eye.

As eagerly their anxious eyes thus wander o'er the
vale,
And warmly throb their warrior breasts the coming
host to hail,

Lo! in the hazy distance Algeringo's crags around
They see a horseman toward them gallop o'er the dusty
ground.

No road he recks or path, but thwart the vega dashes
straight,

Nor reins his panting courser till he grasps the city-
gate.

Down sinks the noble steed with foam and dust and
blood o'erspread,

Once more his master praying eyes, once more gasps,
and is dead.

Round Cidi Caleb, nephew of th' Albaycin's alfaqui,
(For such the rich-clad courier was,) all throng them
eagerly:

"How fares it with the army?" Sad he points the
Christian land:

"There lie they! Heaven has struck them! All press
dead the gory sand!"

As when the clear blue heavens sudden thunder-clouds
o'ercast,

Deep roaring through the shivered trees sweeps on the
furious blast,

The sulphurous lightning thundering cuts the meadow-
oak in twain,

And headlong bound the frightened herd low bellowing
o'er the plain:

Thus falls on Loxa's listening ears the courier's wild
cry;

Men, women, maidens, children rend with wails the
moaning sky.

No heart but wildly beats amid that sorrow-stricken throng,

For none but owns a kindred heart the many slain among.

“But where is Ali Atar?” asks a Moslem veteran brave;

“If he still lives, his valiant sword his army yet will save!”

“I saw his helm cleft by the Christian steel; his body lies

Beneath the Xenel’s waters!” sad the courier replies.

The soldier smites his breast, his hoary head with dust bestrews.

The herald mounts another steed to spread the woful news.

From every hamlet by the way the people anxious stare,

From every lip along the road wild moanings rend the air.

With panting steed at last the courier gains Granada’s walls;

At once around him press the crowds from huts and princely halls:

Each thinks but of his loved share among the thousand slain,

Each asks but for his kindred dear stretched lifeless on the plain.

The son asks for his father ;—“ While he bravely fought
beside

The king, a lance drove through his shield and pierced
his valiant side.”

The brother for his brother asks ;—“ I saw with ghastly
wound

Thy brother 'neath his courser lie upon the blood-
drenched ground.”

The maiden for her lover asks ;—“ I saw thy lover's
steed

Without a rider, drenched in blood, bound o'er the
corse-strewn mead.”

The mother for her son asks ;—“ Bravely fought he by
my side,

When on us rushed the foe, and he sank 'neath the
crimson tide.”

Up the Alhambra's green-clad lane his courser Cidi
sped,

Lowly he bowed unto the queens, and sadly thus he
said :

“ Wo me ! whom Allah calls upon such doleful news to
bring ;

Dead on the field lie Ali Atar and Granada's king.”

As when o'er the Caribbean sea sweeps fierce the hurri-
cane,

The billows heaves to mountains, and with wrecks o'er-
strews the main,

The captain and his sailors battle bravely with the storm,
But wildly shriek the passengers o'erpowered with alarm :

So on these noble princesses the courier's tidings fall,
The breasts of both with sorrow heave, with horror
both appall;
Yet though the aged Ayxa stunned with grief the
heavens eyes,
No tears roll down her cheeks; but "it is Allah's will"
she sighs.

But vainly does her high-bred soul Morayma's tender
grief
Strive to rebuke, and ease her with the stoic's cold
relief;
For days and nights she tearful gazes from her mirador
The Xenel reddened with her father's and her husband's
gore.

"Alas! my father!" she exclaims; "the river runs
above
Thy mangled corse, and coldly taunts my sorrow-
stricken love!
Oh! could I but thy body rescue from the chilling
wave,
And 'neath thy proud ancestral walls thee delve a
worthy grave!"

And thou, Abdallah! oh, my dearest love! light of my eyes,
Joy of my heart, life without whom thy spouse each moment dies!
Wo to the hour, when last I pressed thee to me in these halls,
When last I saw thee proudly bound from out Granada's walls!

Deserted lies the road whereon thy fiery war-horse pranced;
Ne'er shall it with the homeward royal rider be entranced!
The mountain, whence thy glittering host into the vega spread,
Lies wrapt in clouds—beyond it all is dark and lone and dead!"

Thus wailed Morayma tenderly in wild and doleful strain;
In vain the high-souled Ayxa strove her sorrow to restrain:
She called the royal bard with joyous songs her to regale;
He struck his merriest notes—but soon they changed to pensive wail.

THE MOSLEM MINSTREL'S LAMENTATION.

Quelle main en un jour t'a ravi tous tes charmes ?
Qui changera mes yeux en deux sources de larmes
Pour pleurer ton malheur?—RACINE.

Oh, whither is thy glory fled ?
The lustre which thy beauty shed ?
Gloomy look thy lofty walls,
Lonely sound thy marble halls !
Beautiful Granada !

The flower of thy princely band
Low wither in the stranger's land.
Thy sweet maidens look in vain
For their lovers o'er the plain.

Beautiful Granada !

No more the Vivarrambla bounds
The mettled steed, the trumpet sounds :
Throng thy youth in bright array
For the tilt and the foray.

Beautiful Granada !

No longer in thy moonlit streets
The lute's soft note the sleepless greets ;
No more lists the wakeful maid
The loved minstrel's serenade.

Beautiful Granada !

No longer in the sultry hours
The Zambra's dance frisks 'neath thy bow'rs;
Thy green hills no more rebound
With the castanet's brisk sound.

Beautiful Granada !

Why the Alhambra looks so lorn ?
Its ruddy towers dim and worn ?
Still the nightingale him wings
Through its groves and sweetly sings.

Beautiful Granada !

The orange and the myrtle still
Its silken halls with fragrance fill ;
Still its sunlit marble gleams
In the plash of crystal streams.

Beautiful Granada !

Why, then, ah ! why so lonely stare
Those charmful halls with mute despair ?
Why on every clouded face
Deadly sorrow must I trace ?

Beautiful Granada !

Alas ! alas ! no more the sheen
Young king within those halls is seen !
Set forever is the light
Of Alhambra's lustrous sight !

Beautiful Granada !

ALI ABEN FAHAR, THE LOYAL MOOR.

So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor.—SHAKSPEARE.

SURROUNDED by Spain's chivalry,
In regal pomp and state,
The wary king and gracious queen
Sat on their thrones elate.
Before them stood the conquered chiefs
Of Alpujarra's leaguered towns,
Their verdant dales and mountain homes
Forever to renounce.

Apart of them a brave alcayde,
In bloody wars grown old,
Stood silently and pensively,
And coldly eyed the gold
Which ever and anon the king
Spent with a willing, lavish hand
Upon the downcast Moslem chiefs
For Andalusia's land.

“Now, Ali Aben Fahar!” then
The monarch gently said;
“What proffered gift or low request
Has hitherward thee led?”

Athwart the Moor's dejected face
 Settled a more despairing cloud.
 Yet firm and noble he stepped forth,
 And frankly spake aloud :

"I am a Moor ; my ancestors
 Were all of Moorish blood :
 Beneath the Prophet's battle-flag
 They ever bravely stood.
 To me, alas ! 'twas giv'n to save
 Purchena's and Paterna's walls
 Of rock with their luxuriant dales
 From conquering foemen's thralls.

Long have I struggled to maintain
 My trust against the foe ;
 But now around me all my men
 Lie spiritless and low.
 These places, hence, most potent king,
 Are part of thy wide-spread estates :
 Whene'er thou will'st, thy conquering host
 Can proud march through the gates !"

He said, and down his furrowed cheeks
 Big tears of sorrow rolled.
 The gainful king with fluttering heart
 Called for the glittering gold.
 "Take this," said he, "in lieu of what
 Thou vainly soughtest to maintain !"
 But Ali Aben Fahar viewed
 The gold with stern disdain.

“I came not hither,” he replied,
 “To sell what is not mine ;
I only give to thee what fate
 Has happily made thine.
And had my former gallant braves
 Now valiantly stood by my side,
Our mangled bodies on our walls
 ‘Thy warriors should have eyed !’”

The monarchs listened with delight
 The loyal Moslem’s strain,
And strove him as a vassal to
 Their Christian crowns to gain.
But coldly fell their soothing words
 Upon his Islamitic heart ;
And nothing could induce him from
 His native creed to part.

“But is there naught, then,” quoth the queen
 Mild, affable and kind,
“That can thee prove our gracious will,
 And soothe thy downcast mind ?”
“Yea,” said the Moor ; “within the towns
 And dales of Alpujarra’s chain
Still linger many families
 Desirous to remain.

Give then, I pray, your royal word,
 That unmolested they
In practice of their ancient rites
 May in their homesteads stay !”

"We promise it," the queen replied ;

"In peace and in security
They e'er shall dwell—but for thyself,
What askest thou for thee?"

"Naught else," rejoined the brave alcayde,

"The Prophet's son implores,
But with his horses and his goods
To pass to Afric's shores!"
With regal gifts their noble sense
The monarchs fain had gladly shown ;
The Moor refused each gift as from
His country's ruin grown.

He gathered up his little store,

Caparisoned his steeds,
And hurried with his servant-train
Thwart Andalusia's meads.

Long trains of mourning Mussulmans
Him followed to the sea-beat shore,
And tearful took their last farewell
Of Islam's loyal Moor.

THE VIRGIN'S COMBAT.

That bright name by Garcilasso's might
On the Green Vega won in single fight!

FELICIA HEMANS.

BEFORE Granada's bristling walls, arrayed in glittering
steel,
Careered on prancing battle-steeds the champions of
Castile.

Behind their rampart line on Zubia's steepy mountain
side
The king and queen in royal sheen the siegèd city
eyed.

Cold was the king, austere and brief; his wary eye
surveyed
With crafty joy the dazzling wealth his captive town
displayed.

Fair was the queen, ah! lovelier lady never graced the
throne;
Her beauteous face with tender love and pious ardor
shone.

Arrayed in gorgeous splendor thronged about the royal
pair
The grandees of the state, with courteous youths and
damsels fair.

The lowly friar also mingled in the stately throng,
The queen and ladies to refresh with prayer and pious
song.

With rapture glowed his florid face, as now his glistening
eyes

He rested on the gilded mosques eftsoons to be his
prize.

Anon his prayers rose, his trilling notes swept through
the air:

The king stood awed, the queen wept joy, with piety
throbb'd the fair.

But, hark! a barbarous shout—and lo! from Albaycin's
gate

A Moorish horseman prances forth proud, daring and
elate.

Before his broad and swelling breast the ponderous
shield he swayed,

His brawny arm waved high in air the Damascenean
blade.

His proud device, which insolently he displayed be-
fore,

Him pointed out as Tarfe—the most vaunting, daunt-
less Moor.

The same, who in the Spanish camp the royal tents
between

Had madly hurled his steel-tipped lance “intended for
the queen.”

Now haughtily he eyed the foe his brawny strength aware;

His mettled war-steed pawed the ground, and snuffed the morning air.

But, oh! what horror filled the breasts, what deep and trenchant wound

Nigh bled the hearts of Spain's brave knights! when, trailing on the ground

Through dust and filth, unto the wildly bounding war-horse tied

A paper with the words "Ave Maria" they descried.

That paper Hernan Pulgar, called the brave adventurous knight,

Had fastened to Granada's chief mosque in the dead of night.

The brave knight was not there his injured trophy to regain;

But in his stead a valiant youth sprang fearless to the plain.

In haste he mounted on his steed, the royal sovereigns sought,

And prayed t' avenge the outrage on our blessed Lady wrought.

The sovereigns could not brook his pious ardor to refrain,

And Garcilasso sped anew down to the martial plain.

As old Goliah once the puny David scorning eyed ;
So Tarfe now the youthful De la Vega loud decried.

“ Come, beardless youth ! ” he laughing roared ; “ I’ll
teach thee how to fight :
My Damaskin soon shall thee show the Prophet’s
matchless might ! ”

“ Boast not, thou swarthy infidel ! of thy accursed
power ;
My Lady, in whose cause I fight, my weakness shall
empower ! ”

They said, and reining up their steeds, met with terrific
sound ;
Their lances shivering from the shields with splinters
strewed the ground.

The tender Garcilasso nigh was lifted in the air,
His reinless war-horse scoured the field with terror-
stricken glare.

Anon the reins he grasped, and urged his charger on
the foe ;
Both drew their swords, and meditated the avenging
blow.

The brawny Moor his Damaskin flashed with herculean
sway,
With dextrous steed he swooped his foeman like a
hawk his prey.

The supple Leonese wound like a serpent o’er the field,
With matchless quickness met each stroke upon his
Flemish shield.

From gaping wounds of either warrior sped the spouting gore;

The feeble Spaniard faintly coped with the gigantic Moor.

With fury sparkled Tarfe's eye, his brawny arms he wound

About the drooping youth, and—both fell to the gory ground.

His knee the haughty Moslem placed on Garcilasso's breast,

Maliciously his victim eyed, and taunting him addressed:

"Now die, thou Christian dog!"—his Barbary dagger fierce he thrust—

Loud shrieked the Spaniards—lo! the Moor rolled lifeless in the dust.

While fiercely he his weapon swayed, and impiously roared,

The gallant youth had plunged into his heart the shortened sword.

Up sprang the conqueror, and eft seized on the loved prize,

High waved it on his recking sword, 'mid Spain's enraptured cries.

All thankful sank upon their knees, and 'tween the courtly train

The pious padre solemnly sang the Ambrosian strain.

FALL OF SZIGETH.

Yet though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men, our country yet remains!
 By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to live—with her to die!

CAMPBELL.

“How long shall this contemptuous chimney burn ?
 From famished few my well-fed thousands turn ?
 When shall the trumpet great of victory play ?
 What do my Janizaries ? Where are they ?”
 Suleiman raged—lo ! on his gilded bed,
 Divinely struck, the Christian’s foe sank dead :
 Not giv’n to rest his ruin-loving eyes
 On Szigeth’s flames blood-dyeing far the skies ;
 Not giv’n to list the pleasure-bringing sound
 Of Szigeth’s walls low crumbling to the ground ;
 Where brave Zeriny with his gallant few
 Long scorned the rage of all the Moslem crew.
 For days and nights the terror-booming showers
 Fell crashing on the rent and tumbling towers.
 For nights and days the never silent gun
 The heavens wrapt in glare and darkness dun.
 Yet on each shivered stone the warrior’s feet
 A living rampart sprang the foe to meet ;
 Yet at each shattered gate the host before
 Up rose a mail-clad, slaughter-spreading door

Awhile the foe drooped 'neath the threatening gloom,
And Szigeth seemed the Moslem's heaven-made tomb.

But where can valor swayed by fewy hands
Long war with number's ceaseless pouring bands !
Suleiman's mighty soul of war had fled,
But Selim equal trod the pathway red.
And still before small Szigeth's shattered walls
Careered a host obedient to his calls.
The sire's pale corse, the victim of his rage,
Called loud the son his manes to assuage,
And fiercer wars against the town to wage.

High on the wall the brave Zeriny stood,
His sword yet dripping with the foemen's blood.
He sees the storm fierce gathering below,
With wilder wrath the hostile legions glow,
Their countless sabres glittering o'er the plain,
While but two hundred of his own remain.
In vain can now sweet hope her visions lend,
From Islam's hordes his country to defend.
Yet shall he live, and tearlessly behold
His lovèd town become the Moslem's hold ?
That town, for which he pledged his knightly word,
Should ne'er be ta'en, while still he held the sword
His emperor, good Ferdinand, him gave ;
Sign of the knight most gallant, good and brave.
Shall quiet rest his Christian-wedded arm,
While fiercely rings fanaticism's alarm ?
And shall his head sink gently to repose,
When on all sides destruction's horror glows ?

“No! God forbid! while still my sword I wield,
Not living, dying only will I yield!”

Thus cried the chief, and throwing to the ground
His armor red from many a Turkish wound,
He decked himself in choicest knight’s array,
As if with joy to meet the bloody fray.
The polished greaves his manly legs inclose,
The flamy cuirass on his bosom glows;
High o’er his brow the helmet shoots its rays,
Its colored plumage on his shoulders plays;
His left arm sways the huge and ponderous shield,
Whose silvery orb reflects the battle-field.

Thus like Pelides for the war arrayed
Hungaria’s chief then grasped his trusty blade;
His scattered warriors summoned to his side,
Showed them the fortress-keys, and loudly cried:
“Lo! Magyara’s sons! your country’s keys!
By God I swear! no Moslem shall them seize
From this my bosom where I now them hide,
But with my heart’s blood first they shall be dyed!
Not, while my arm this trusty sword can sway,—
The glorious badge of my first valorous day,—
Shall my loved trust into the foe’s hands fall,
And Islam’s crescent gleam on Szigeth’s wall!
So help me thou, whom on thy judgment-seat,
The patriot’s solacement, I soon shall meet!”

He said; two hundred tongues with loud acclaim
Echoed his words sealed with their country’s fame.

Out of the gates, quick bolted on their rear,
In one close column toward the foe they near.
As when the lordly lion in his den
Lies circled by the spears of hundred men,
Retreat he scorns, defence he sees is vain ;
Yet coward death his soul spurns with disdain.
Before his fearless cubs and dauntless mate
He plants himself in valor's fiercest state ;
Then roaring loud his horrid mane he rears,
And madly rushes on the wood of spears.
Death soon lays cold his and his family's soul,
But not till heaps of slain beneath them roll.
Thus on the myriad-numbered Turkish foe
Hungaria's warriors them fiercely throw.
Each on a towering pile of turbaned slain
Breathes out his soul unknown to agony's pain.
Their valorous chief, e'er in the glorious van,
Heap after heap uptowers the lifeless clan.
Till, last of all, high on the gory dead,
An arrow pierces through his noble head ;
And swiftly, as if for the death-stroke prest,
Two whizzing balls transfix his fearless breast.
Down sinks the hero, with his treasure dyed,
As well presaged, in his heart's crimson tide.—
Oh that a bard in sweeter numbers tell,
How Magyara's bravest warrior fell !

BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

Vouch it ye
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
Thou art a name no time nor tyranny can blight.

BYRON.

I.

STILLNESS o'er the bluey wave
 Spread her pale and deadly hand,
 When the captains loudly gave
 To their crews the stern command ;
 And the Turk in crescent form
 To the combat wildly ran,
 And the Christian like a storm
 Slow and dreadful moved his van.

II.

“ Yet while near we to the foe
 Let us fall upon our knee,
 That through us from slavery's woe
 Our far brethren God may free ! ”
 Said Don Juan, and they fell
 On their knees and prayed and sang,
 While the Saracen's fierce yell
 O'er the ocean wildly rang.

III.

“ Now us God speed and the Maid !”
 Loud the Christian captain cried ;
 “ Great Mahomet his sons aid !”
 Fierce the Mussulman replied :
 When their mouths of deadly doom
 Thousand cannon thundering oped,
 And awhile in dreadful gloom
 Thwart the deep the war-ships groped.

IV.

But each other flash the scene
 Opened with its meteor glare,
 And the narrowing space between
 Lighted up with flaming air.
 Fiercer raged the bloody war
 As the vessels nearer drew,
 And the cannon of afar
 Their thick volleys nearer blew.

V.

Lion-like the Christian brave
 On the foeman’s galley sprang,
 And athwart the crimsoned wave
 Wild the cry of victory rang,
 When the Mother of sweet love
 In her godly arms appeared,
 And the tempests from above
 Toward the Turkish squadrons steered.

VI.

Then Don Juan from his boat
On proud Hali's galley leaped,
Him the cruel deadly smote,
And beneath the billow swept ;
Whence the moanful cry of grief
O'er the distant ocean knelled,
And bereft of valiant chief
Wide the heaps of slaughtered swelled.

VII.

From the ships the war-clouds dun
Slowly westward rolled away,
And the mild October sun
Lit the scene with crimson ray ;
Where the Saracen or killed
Sank into his ocean grave,
Or with fear and terror filled
Fled disordered o'er the wave.

VIII.

Rome, Spain, Venice ! now the cry
Of unbounded joyance raise,
And your Mother Queen on high
From your lit-up towers praise :
Who, while o'er the struggling waves
She the conquering tempest hurled,
O'er the squadrons of your braves
Triumph's streaming flag unfurled !

IX.

Send your sons and daughters fair
To the Pontiff's thankful throng,
That they trill the listening air
With their sweetest, heart-felt song !
Mingled with affection's tear
That of love gleam in your eyes ;
And the Christian's Help endear
On the earth and o'er the skies !

PRIMEVAL AMERICAN SCENES.

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PRIMEVAL AMERICAN SCENES.

THE following graphic account from the pen of America's historian will, I hope, explain the motives which impelled me to linger so fondly in these poems on the adventures of the chivalrous Spaniards. He says:

"Extraordinary success had kindled in the Spanish nation an equally extraordinary enthusiasm. No sooner had the New World revealed itself to their enterprise, than the valiant men, who had won laurels under Ferdinand among the mountains of Andalusia, sought a new carcer of glory in more remote adventures America was the region of romance, where the heated imagination could indulge in the boldest delusions; where the simple natives ignorantly wore the most precious ornaments; and, by the side of the clear runs of water, the sands sparkled with gold. What way soever, says the historian of the ocean, the Spaniards are called, with a beck only, or a whispering voice, to anything rising above water, they speedily prepare themselves to fly, and forsake certainties under the hope of more brilliant success. To carve out provinces with the sword; to divide the wealth of empires; to plunder the accumulated treasures of some ancient Indian dynasty; to return from a roving expedition with a crowd of enslaved captives and a profusion of spoils,—soon became the ordinary dreams, in which the excited minds of the Spaniards delighted to indulge. Ease, fortune, life, all were squandered in the pursuit of a game, where, if the issue was uncertain, suc-

eess was sometimes obtained greater than the boldest imagination had dared to anticipate. Is it strange that these adventurers were often *superstitious*? The New World and its wealth were in themselves so wonderful, that why should eredit be withheld from the wildest fictions? Why should not the hope be indulged, that the laws of nature themselves would yield to the desires of men so fortunate and so brave?"—*Baneroft's History of the United States*, vol. i. pp. 30, 31.

As much and perhaps more reason had I to commemorate the virtues of those saintly sons of Loyola, of whom the same author writes:

"Every tradition bears testimony to their worth. The horrors of a Canadian life in the wilderness were resisted by an invineible passive courage, and a deep internal tranquillity. Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain-glory, they beeame dead to the world, and possessed their souls in unalterable peace. The few who lived to grow old, though bowed by the toils of a long mission, still kindled with the fervor of apostolie zeal. The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every eelebrated town in the annals of French Ameriea; not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way."—Vol. iii. p. 122.

LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

Ce pays semble avoir conservé les délices de l'âge d'or. Les hivers y sont tièdes, et les rigoureux aquilons n'y soufflent jamais. L'ardeur de l'été y est toujours tempérée par des zéphirs rafraîchissants qui viennent adoucir l'air vers le milieu du jour Les habitants furent étonnés quand ils virent venir au travers des ondes de la mer des hommes étrangers qui venaient de si loin ; ils nous reçurent chez eux avec bonté, et nous firent part de tout ce qu'ils avaient, sans vouloir de nous aucun paiement.—FENELON.

BRIGHTLY gleamed the rosy morning
In the mild October sky,
When the island air resounded
With the Spaniards' joyous cry.

Seventy days and eight the billows
Of unknown and pathless seas
Had they furrowed, lashed and driven
By the tempest and the breeze.

Every eve the “Maris Stella”
Had they wafted o'er the wave ;
Every eve their ocean mistress
Had they beckoned them to save.

When the hurricane the surges
Of the maddened ocean ploughed,
On their knees in leaking vessels
Lady-journeys had they vowed.

Like their gentle, valiant captain,
They themselves but childlike thought
Vowèd champions of Mary,
'Neath whose lovely star they fought.

Safely now to shores desirèd
She her children dear had led :
At their feet the New World's island
Clad in fairest nature spread.

Merrily the drum and bugle
Mingled with the clarion's sound ;
Solemnly the chants of friars
To the heavens quavering wound.

Messengers of glee and terror
Slow and strange the cannon boomed,
And in mystic clouds of incense
Land and sea and vessels gloomed.

'Mid the strains of martial music,
Followed by religious band,
Stepped the brave and great Columbus
First upon the new-found land ;

Kissed the ground in reverent gladness,
Prayed devoutly on his knees
To the Lord, whose cross then rooted
First west of Atlantic seas :

“God eternal and almighty,
With thy sacred word thou hast
Heaven, earth, and sea created ;
Grant, that here forever last

To thy name love, praise and honor,
Glory to thy majesty;
Which has deigned that through thy servant
This new land discovered be!"

Solemnly the grand "Te Deum"
Billowed on the trembling air;
Sweetly the "Salve Regina"
Wafted to the Virgin fair.

Slowly, trembling, wonder-stricken
Came the children of the wood,
Eyed the fair sons of the heavens,
Spell-bound with the music stood.

Now approaching, then retreating,
Now affrightened, then assured,
Lurking now atween the bushes,
Then with gentle signs allured—

Soon, however, curious nature
Triumphed over timid freaks;
Closely stepped they to the white men,
Touched their beards, and stroked their cheeks.

Most of all the lordly viceroy
Clad in crimson met their eye;
Gentler, nobler than the others,
And in stature grand and high.

Kindly them to him beckoned,
Gently stroked their beardless chin,
Gave them presents small, but valued,
Sweetly sought their love to win.

And the missionary mildly
Glanced upon his tawny son,
Breathed a fervent prayer for him
Whom ere long to Christ he won.

Brightly gleamed the rosy evening
In the mild October sky
On the Saviour's isle reechoing
With the natives' joyous cry.

Happy day! when to the red man
First the Sun of Justice beamed.
Happy day! when on the New World
First the Star of Ocean gleamed.

Happy e'er, my dear Columbia !
Wilt thou be, if on thee shine
Thus the God-Man and his Mother,
And their saving love be thine !

THE ECLIPSE.

Take all we have, thou heavenly man !
And let our mistress smile again !

JOANNA BAILIE.

ARRANGED along the wreck-strewn beach
Jamaica's war-chiefs list'd the speech
Of great Columbus, by the blast
Of raving tropic oceans cast
Helpless and wretched on their isle,
Beset with foes of treacherous guile,
E'er haunted by the murmurer's mood,
Tormented with the cry for food.
“ My warrior-brethren !” thus he spake ;
“ In vain ye try the strength to break
Of them whose Father in the skies
Lists pityingly his children's cries.
His sons we are who o'er the seas
The tempest sweeps, the sturdy trees
Lifts from the ground, the mountain rock
Quakes 'neath the furricanes' shock.
Him, the Great Spirit, we adore ;
His love we share and bounteous store :
O'er us as o'er his children dear
His kindly wing e'er hovers near.
Though now awhile the storm of woes
In maddened whirrings o'er us blows ;

Though now with bitter want oppressed
We wander through your isle distressed :
Yet shall the whist and prosperous gale
Eftsoons our drooping spirits hail ;
Yet the Great Spirit's bounteous hand
Shall soon us lead into his land ;
Where freed from hunger, toil and woes
In endless bliss we shall repose.
But wo to those who shut their door
Unpiteous to the hungering poor !
Wo to you, warriors ! if the white
Sons of the Spirit ye dare slight ;
See them expiring on your shores,
While ye withhold your well-filled stores.
Already now that venging Power
Rolls from the skies his wrathful shower,
Fraught with dire pestilence's storm,
Ghastly with famine's languid form :
Your blooming island to o'erspread
With all the horrors of the dead.
In sign of which this very night
The Spirit's beauteous bride her light
Shall sudden from your eyes conceal,
And to a worthier race reveal
The lustre, which the cruel foe
Of his dear children must forego."

He said, and to his ship withdrew.
Strange horrors on the chieftains grew.
Yet some mocked their anxiety,
And scoffed the ominous prophecy.—

O'er the wood spread the shades of night,
And soon the moon her silvery light
Shed wontedly between the boughs
Lighting a thousand savage brows
Fearing the white men's marvellous pow'r,
And anxious for the omened hour.
It came—and lo ! a darksome shade
Athwart the fair moon slowly spread :
First hid her glowing orient side,
Then stretching out in gloom'ness wide
Enwrapt her face, the night-god's charm,
And crept across her white left arm.
Darkness immeasured and profound
Weighed on the deep and on the ground.
The timid red man's shittle doubts,
The skeptic warrior's scornful shouts
Commingled now to doleful cries,
Which rent the quivering, rolling skies.
The warriors yelled, the women screamed,
Wild terror on each forehead gleamed.
Seizing their goods, in one wild band,
They dashed unto the wreck-strewn strand,
Threw them before the white chief's feet,
And prayed him his great God t' entreat :
The night-sun's beauteous light once more
To shed upon their darkened shore,
The threatened famine and grim pest
To ward off from their isle unblest.
“ Never in time to come,” they cried,
“ Shall plenteous stores be thine denied !
No ! rather shall thy righteous hand

To desert change our blooming land ;
Rather us smite the fiery rod,
Which thunders thy puissant God ; '
Than that his children on our isle
With hearts ungrateful we beguile !'"
Thus they in frantic grief ; their cries
With fears renewèd wildly rise.

Awhile stern and inflexible
The viceroy list'd their doleful yell ;
Then to consult the fate divine
Withdrew into the inner shrine.
Without continual moans and sighs
Commingled swept the murky skies,
Till from his secret prayer again
The white chief rose and thus began :
" My warrior-brethren ! while the rage
Of the Great Spirit assuage
His forest children's sorrowing cries,
And promises with rich supplies
His sons from hunger to defend,
And e'er as brothers to befriend ;
Lo ! he withdraws his vengeful rod,
And lights anew your gloomy sod !"
He said and scarcely closed his lips,
When slowly fled the dire eclipse :
The murky mists and shades withdrew
Whence first the omened darkness grew,
The moon's right bared, her beauteous face,
Her left, till on her cloudless trace

Fully revealed in all her charms
She rushed into the night-god's arms.
Along the beach the tawny bands
Uplifting high their thankful hands
Broke loudly into joyous cries,
And wildly hailed the moonlit skies ;
Their gifts all round the viceroy strewed,
With tears of joy his feet bedewed ;
From every island village poured
The cereals of their annual hoard.
No efferous brave thenceforth durst face
With haughty mien the heavenly race.
None but rejoiced to win the love
Of men who ruled the fates above.
Long years had fled, and thousand lips
Yet spoke the marvellous eclipse ;
And maidens in areytos sweet
Still sang the white chief's godly feat.

THE CARIB'S CAPTURE.

Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?—POPE.

BEFORE the Carib chieftain
The wily Spaniard stood :
“Come with me to my master,
The friendly and the good !

Sent from above to shower
Heaven's gifts upon thy land,
To peace and lasting union
He asks thy brother-hand.

The magic bell of Turey,
That calls each morn and eve
The white men to their prayers,
He wishes thee to give."

At once the chief's dark features
With joy began to glow:
"To-morrow," quick he answered,
"I'll thither with thee go!"

But when the rays of morning
With gold o'erspread the land,
Confused Alonzo witnessed
A numerous warrior-band.

"What's this? lord of Maguana!
Why this array with thee?
Thee, not thy valiant warriors,
My master wills to see."

"Where'er goes Caonabo,
As monarch does he go,
Attended by his warriors,
In kingly pomp and glow!"

The crafty Spaniard muffled
His trouble in his breast.—
At mid-day thus the chieftain
He artfully addressed:

"See here ! this dazzling silver,
In Turey's foundry wrought ;
From my great king expressly
For thee have I it brought.

On feasts and solemn dances
Held in the bluey skies
He round his hands these bracelets
In sign of royalty ties.

Bathe now in yonder river !
When eke around thy hands
I'll tie these regal presents,
These dazzling silvery bands.

Then on this noble war-horse
With me thou shalt be raised ;
And thus shown to thy subjects
Awe-stricken and amazed."

At once the joyful chieftain
Into the river sprang—
Around his hands the manacles
Of polished iron rang.

Upon Ojeda's war-horse
Behind the captain raised
Shown was he to his subjects
Awe-stricken and amazed.

But scarce the glittering pageant
Before their eyes had flashed,
Than thwart the foaming river
The Spaniard with him dashed.

Into the sombre forest
And bushy glen he flew;
Around the chief the white men
Their flashing sabres drew:

“ Speak’s^t thou a word, thou diest ! ”
Unto their captain then
They bind the fierce-souled warrior,
And spur along the glen.

In Isabella’s prisons
The Spaniards’ bravest foe,
By shrewd Alonzo captured,
Broods o’er his endless woe.

THE RELIC OF CUEYBAS.

The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still more illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice.—AKENSIDE.

In the village of Cueybas
Stood a little rustic shrine,
Where was kept a pretty picture
Of the Mother-Maid divine.

Brave Alonzo de Ojeda,
The Castilian cavalier,
Had this hermitage erected
And put in the picture dear.

In the marshy wastes of Cuba,
From the haunts of men exiled,
'Twixt the mangrove trees and brushwood,
'Mid the horrors of the wild

When he famished groped and struggled
With his fierce and desperate crew,
And the thirtieth morn already
On them dying hazy grew;

Fastening to a tree this picture,
Kneeling on the swampy ground,
With his hands unto it lifted
He to Mary thus him bound :

“ Oh my dear and sweet protectress !
If from out this dismal fen
Thou me and my comrades leadest
Safely to the homes of men ;

I thee vow, that in the village
First we meet I will thee rear
A neat hermitage, and ever
Leave there this thy picture dear !”

Ardent then his reckless pathway
Through the moorland he pursued—
Yet the western sun low glimmered,
And Cueyas’ huts they viewed.

Eft his vow he there completed,
And the village chieftain prayed :
“ Never let the hand of stranger
On this picture dear be laid !”

Once the red man’s friend Las Casas
To this lonely village came ;
And the children of the forest
Flocked in thousands at his name.

To the Virgin’s cleanly chapel
He them called, and sacrificed,
Taught the warriors and the women,
And their little ones baptized.

But he longed to have the wondrous
Picture of the Mother-Maid,
And he offered to the chieftain
One more pretty in its stead.

As if wounded by an arrow
Darted from a parent's hand,
Stunned the chieftain eyed the Father,
And rejoined his warrior-band.

When next morn the good Las Casas
Sought anew the Virgin shrine,
He could find of the loved picture
Not a trace and not a sign.

Fearing for his precious relic,
In the darkness of the night,
With his treasure to the mountains
Had the chieftain turned in flight.

Vainly good Las Casas promised
His dear gift with him to leave,
Vainly his own beauteous image
To him offered he to give :

He returned not to his village
Till the Spaniard last had gone ;
When again the wondrous picture
In the oratory shone.

Now in hundred towns of Cuba
Lady-temples brilliant shine,
Where is kept the lovely image
Of the Mother-Maid divine.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE SOUTH SEA.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest ;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

LONGFELLOW

THE hazy morn scarce simmered
In Quaraqua's silent dale,
And over wood and village
Lingered still night's misty veil ;

When loudly on his warriors
The unwearied Nuñez called,
To climb the mountain rugged,
High and snow-capt, steep and bald.

For westward lay an ocean
To the white's gaze yet unknown,
Along whose rich-clad borders
Gold and crystal pearls were sown ;

Whereon in gilded palaces
Potent monarchs richly swayed ;
Whose thrones were purest ivory
And with virgin gold inlaid.

Such dreamy hopes the bosoms
 Of the Spaniards warmly beat,
As marshalled they stood ready
 At the mountain's wooded feet.

Such hopes their steps urged upward
 As they climbed the rugged side,
And heat, thirst, hunger battling
 With each other bravely vied.

The sun now rolled his noon-car,
 And the withering greensward bleached;
When wayworn, scorched and panting
 A mount-circled plain they reached.

Thence pointing to a hillock
 Loud exclaimed the Indian guide :
“ From yonder spot the waters
 Of the great Sea can be eyed !”

Balboa now his followers
 Ordered in the plain to wait ;
Himself alone the mountlet
 Climbed with awe and hopes elate.

But, oh ! when on its summit.
 What a scene 'neath dimmed his eye !
Behold an ocean laving
 With its waves the wide blue sky !

Below a thick-grown forest
 And flower-strewn savannas waved,
Through which meandering rivers
 The gold-studded bottom laved.

With thankful heart o'erflowing
Sank Balboa on his knee,
And praised God, that of white men
He had first beheld that Sea.

Then loud his gallant soldiers
He the summit bade ascend,
And in the strain of gladness
Their unbounded praises blend.

"Behold yon golden borders
Mingled with the pearly main !
For God and for our Sovereigns
Them ere long our arms shall gain!"

The noble-hearted warriors
Fell enraptured round his neck,
And swore him e'er to follow
Unto death's stroke at his beck.

Then, while they knelt, De Vara
The "Te Deum" priestly sang ;
And first across the South Sea
The Almighty's praises rang.

THE RESCUE.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong.

FELICIA HEMANS.

AMID Virginia's forest wilds,
On York's green wooded side,
Where surging high the mountain stream
Braves the Atlantic tide,
Powhatan with his warrior-chiefs
In solemn council sate,
Revolving with awe-mingled mind
The English captive's fate.

Placed in the circle of his foes
Calm stood he and unfeared,
From earliest youth in battle's din
And captive's fetters reared.
Still young was he, and o'er his brow
Youth's blooming freshness spread,
And mingling strangely gleamed his eye
Sweet love and direful dread.

His judges superstitiously
The marvellous stranger eyed ;
Now wished they for his quick release,
Then for his death they cried :

Some thought him of a heavenly race,
Whom 't would be death to slay;
To others but a man he seemed,
Yet mightier far than they.

Close clinging to Powhatan's side
A bonny, dark-eyed maid,
Scarce budding in her eleventh spring,
Yet like a matron staid,
With anxious eye now on the braves
Then on the captive gazed,
Despairing now she sank her head
Then hopefully it raised.

The stranger's slender, graceful form,
His features fair and white,
So unknown in her native wilds,
Allured the maiden's sight.
And should such noble, lovely frame
Be bleeding laid and cold,
And never more his face divine
Her eyes should then behold ?

But what compassion could a girl,
Though daughter of a king,
From hearts to scenes of carnage nursed
And deadly hatred wring !
She sank her on the trodden turf,
And prayed the Spirit Great,
To turn his kindly eye upon
The captive's cruel fate.

Fiercer and greedier now for death
The heated warriors grew.
The sachems hateful of the white
O'erruled the pitying few.
The king himself, though loving of
The new and friendly race,
Feared their increasing numbers soon
His own tribe would efface.

The white man's doom was fixed; with wild
Acclaim the warriors sprang
Up from the green, and fiercely through
The woods their war-whoops rang.
Two youths the victim still unmoved
Unto the slaughter led,
And bent, to meet the tomahawk's
Fierce stroke, his lordly head.

Already by the warrior swung
Flashed the terrific blade,
When suddenly from out the throng
Rushed forth the dark-eyed maid :
The murderous weapon she upheld ;
Her little arms around
The lovèd captive's bowèd neck
Entreatingly she wound.

“Oh, father !” cried she ; “oh ye braves !
List me awhile, I pray !
Oh think once more, before ye thus
This wondrous stranger slay !

Can he not for you warriors make
Strong hatchets in the fight,
And for us children rattling toys
And strings of beads so bright?"

The warriors at each other gazed;
Strange awe benumbed their soul:
Why should a girl so little with
A stranger thus condole?
And might this pale-faced captive not
A heavenly being be,
Whom if they slew, they might expect
Perennial misery?

Convinced thus by mysterious fears,
The council-sachems gave
The gaudy calumet to smoke
Unto the English brave.
He, taking it, its fumes to God
A thankful incense paid,
Who e'en in savage breasts had sowed
The pity of the maid

BAPTISM ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Juratus præclararam Huronum exscindere gentem
Iroquoæus multa vastabat cæde colonos,
Hostibus occisis, pessum dedit Algonquinos.

JOURNAL OF JESUIT MISSIONARIES.

O'ER the dying Huron warrior the gentle Black-Robe
bent,
With his hand upon the shattered side the poisoned
shaft had rent;
Low he whispered: "Son, have e'er the Spirit's waters
cleansed thy soul?"
"No, alas, my Father!" sighed the brave, and heaved
with inward dole.

Near the broad St. Lawrence rolled his waves low
murmuring by the hill,
And the Black-Robe hastened to the bank his bowl-
shaped cap to fill.
Yet the distant hazy morning wrestled with the nightly
gloom,
And athwart the pine-grown forest reigned the silence
of the tomb.

As he hurried on his pathway dark through firs and
pines and brake,
Hark!—the cracking of a twig he heard and hiss as of
a snake:

'Twas the Huron war-chief's sign, and lo ! eftsoons he
joyous eyed
His undaunted brave Ahasistari through the brush-
wood glide.

"Hasten, Father, hence with me !" he said ; "while
yet there's time to fly."

"My dear son ! I cannot while around me men un-
christened die ;

Save but thee, and flee!"—"No ! never shall Ahasis-
tari's feet

Like a coward's from his Father's side to shameful
flight retreat !"

"From his duty ne'er the brave man shrinks !" the
Jesuit warm replied ;

"Not a warrior true the battle flies, no priest the
dying's side !

Go to yours, my son ! I thither hasten to yon dying
brave,

With the Spirit's healing, hallowed stream his wounded
soul to save."

"You will do your duty," said the chief ; "Ahasistari
will

By your side do his.—Hark !—moccasined feet tram-
pling down the hill !"

Low the grim owl cried ; then death-like silence thwart
the forest spread.

To the Black-Robe's feet the chieftain stepped, and
lowly whispering said :

"They prepare them for attack; Ahasistari must be there.

When thou hear'st the Huron war-cry, of the bloody foe beware!

Know, thy children fight to save thy life; a trusty covert seek

Down the shore, while on the treacherous foe our vengeance just we wreak!"

On the ground the war-chief stretched himself. Dark mists yet hid the scene.

To the river eft the Jesuit turned the dewy copse between;

With the limpid water filled his cap; retrod his dangerous way

To the spot where struggling still with death the wounded Indian lay.

With a wistful look the cooling draught the dying warrior eyed,

Touched his fevered lips, and but the one word "water" lowly sighed.

With a happy smile the Father laid his head upon his arm;

While the sweet regale of charity dispelled the foe's alarm.

Now he raised his hand the more regaling Spirit's wave to shed,

When a ruthless palm fell heavily upon his bared head,

Turned it back, till met his swimming eye the fierce
and savage glare
Of an Iroquois his blood-drenched hatchet swinging in
the air.

For awhile the truculent brave joyed his weapon thus
to wave.—

Yet remained a moment—precious time!—a dying soul
to save:—

Down the Huron's aching brow the healing water
gently flows;

Yet the words of the Great Spirit from the Black-
Robe's lips arose.

"Oh, my God!" he joyous cried; "I thank"—down
came the savage blow—

Pealed a sudden shot upon the air—sank deadly-struck
the foe.—

To the Black-Robe's feet the gallant chief Ahasistari
sprang;—

Wildly through the pines again the fierce and horrid
war-whoop rang.

DEATH AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Low on his cross the Jesuit falls.—WHITTIER.

BEDDED between the darkling pines
Within a grassy dale,
Where the Kennebec's stream silvery shines
In the splendor of the sunshiny rock,
Lay the Indian village of Norridgewock,
Like a flower in the vale.

Joyous the wigwamed lanes along
The squaw's and maid's wild cheer
Trilled in wayward notes their favorite song.
Gone had Owenagunga's braves to the chase
Of the bison and beaver, and to trace
The track of the fleeting deer.

Praying within the chapel lay
The Jesuit on his knee :
From the earliest dawn of the springing day
Had he prayed to ease his soul of the gloom
Which benumbed his heart with a threatening doom ;
Yet he felt unwonted glee.

Well may it be, his sunny France
And natal home of Ralle
On his glowing brow lit a longing glance.

But the pleasureful notes of nature long
Had been drowned in the strains of a sweeter song :
 To be made all to gain all.

Not the fond love of home his breast,
 But English foemen's hate,
With foreboding dread of evil oppressed.
Yet his braves after matin's hours of prayer
Had he sent away as serenely as e'er,
 Undismayed at threatening fate.

Sudden upon the still air rang
 A hundred-tongued wild yell,
With the rattle of drums and arms' shrill clang :
Peal on peal whizzed the ball, the tomahawk flew ;
While anon to the din the death-scream grew
 Where the thirsty weapon fell.

Who are the fiends that madly rush
 Thus on defenceless weak ?
With their blood-drenched clubs feeble women crush ?
Where no warrior stands near to avenge the dead,
And hurl back grim death on the cursed foe's head,
 His undying wrongs to wreak.

Who but the truculent Puritan clan,
 E'er bent on deeds of woe,
With foul Harmon and Moulton to lead the van,
And the satellite Mohawks, in treachery nursed,
To slaughter, where New England's pigeon-hearts durst
 Not defy their bravest foe ?

In his lone cell the yells afar
 The praying priest recall.

On nearer and nearer the murderous war
 Rolls its horrors, while strangely mingled rise
 The exulting shouts, and the moaning cries
 Of the victims as they fall.

Well does the men-skilled Jesuit know
 Himself their only aim ;
 Both in creed and in birth their deadliest foe.
 Not for Owenagunga's warriors bold,
 Whom they knew to roam on the distant wold ;
 For himself alone they came.

Long for grim death prepared no fears
 Disturb his saintly soul ;
 With heroic zeal he burns, as he hears
 The renewèd shrieks of his slaughtered flock,
 And with louder and wilder acclaim the fierce shock
 Of the bigots onward roll.

Sudden unwonted fires he feels ;
 Celestial eyes him greet :
 On the altar-steps devoutly he kneels,
 Breathes an "Ave Maria" his Lord before ;
 Then undauntedly speeds to the chapel-door,
 His blood-thirsty foe to meet.

On through the dying-and-dead-filled streets
 Of burning Norridgewock
 Fired with motherly care the Jesuit fleets ;

'Mid the death-casting balls' and tomahawks' shower
Consoling the dying with heavenly power,
The true shepherd of his flock.

Now by the cross, where mangled lie
Heaps of the slain, he stands.

Lo ! the demons their long-sought victim spy !
"Ho ! the Popish dog !" they savagely roar ;
And at once the death-strewing thunders pour
From a hundred levelled hands.

Down sinks the Jesuit to the ground,
His arms the cross entwine,
Dyeing deep its base from his gaping wound ;
One last prayer he breathes : "Jesu ! Marie !"
One last kiss he prints on the lovèd tree,
His Redeemer's blessed sign.

Strangers to honors of the dead
The fierce fanatics rush
On the corse and exultingly it tread.
Anxious to destroy each hated trace
E'en the sacred cross they tear from its place,
And it o'er the martyr crush.

Then through the lanes with frantic yell
And loud blood-sated roar
On they butchering heap the slaughtered swell ;
Till they glut their fury in blood divine,
Trampling God himself wrested from his shrine
'Neath their feet besmeared with gore.

Oh ! and are these the lauded men,
By bigots crowned with fame,
Who pretended to flee from England's den
Of oppression, freely to serve their God,
And now drench with Papist gore their own sod ?
Cast in bloody prints their name !

But thou, great martyr ! what bright scenes
Of future bliss recall
Thy last pangs 'neath the cross of the Taranteens !
All unconsciously the generous soul
Wings her flight to the pleasure-streaming goal
At thy glorious death, Père Ralle !

THE TRAPPER'S DREAM.

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of fortune's better day?

CAMPBELL.

"I'WAS night, and through the leafy boughs,
Touched by the wind's low sigh,
The waning moon her silvery light
Poured from the cloudless sky.

Below the Mississippi poured
His waves with rumbling sound ;
Far to the western hillocks stretched
The brambly, swampy ground.

There bedded in his bison-hide
The hardy trapper lay :
He slept, but from his forest haunts
His thoughts were far way.

E'er and anon athwart his face
There gleamed a joyous glance :
He seemed once more to tread the vales
Of his own sunny France.

From every house and cottage near
Old friends his coming greet.
He hastens to his humble cot,
His lovèd ones to meet.

From out the door his faithful wife
Unto his bosom flies,
Clings mute with happiness to his neck ;
Joy's tears stream from her eyes.

His little ones all press around,
Their father dear to kiss ;
His tender heart nigh rends with joy,
His soul o'erflows with bliss.

Sudden athwart the silent wood
Rang shrill the hawk-owl's scream ;
The trapper started from his sleep :—
“ Oh, God ! 'twas but a dream ! ”

But all that night the vision strange
Rose in his weary head ;
In vain he tried to ease his mind,
Sleep from his eyelids fled.

The next morn saw him on his way
Across the parent-stream :
One only thought coursed through his soul,
To realize his dream.

MARQUETTE.

A JUVENILE EFFORT OF 1861.

Behold him on his way ! the breviary
Which from his girdle hangs, his only shield ;
That well-known habit is his panoply,
That cross the only weapon he will wield.

SOUTHEY.

SING, Algonquin bard, thy Father
On thy mellow flute of willow,
'Neath the groves of singing pine-trees
In the Mississippi valley;
When from yon bright land of morning
First he sought thy lonely wigwam
In the wild primeval forest,
On the western billowy prairie,
On the ice-fields of the northland ;

How he sailed thy ocean-river
In thy days of glorious warfare ;
Where, on Michigan's bleak headlands,
Buried lies the gallant sailor,
Lies Marquette, the gentle Black-Robe :
Sing in rural strains his praises ;
Come, inspire my raptured feelings !

Down the northern, clear Wisconsin,
Through the simmering haze of morning,
Drift two light canoes of birch-bark
Swiftly 'tween the darkling woodlands,
Past the rushing firs and pine-trees.
From his fiery realm of Cancer
Beams the golden Indian Gheezis
On the dark Algonquin rowers,
Seated round their Black-Robe chieftain
With the cross upon his bosom.
Calm and simple, meek and gentle,
Single-hearted, unpretending
Prays Marquette, the red man's Father.
Toward the west his hands are lifted,
Toward the regions of the sunset ;
Where the Blackfeet and Dacotahs
Wildly roam upon the prairies ;
Where their mighty Mississippi
Rolls unblessed his sluggish waters :
While his heart bleeds at the wailings
Of his dear Wisconsin converts ;
As he sad the eve remembers,
When in council round the camp-fire

Sate the stern Algonquin warriors,
Kickapoos and bold Miamis,
Mascoutins and swift Ojibways ;
And the chieftains and the old men
Spake persuading, spake in this wise :
“ Never do those distant nations
Spare the stranger in their wigwams.
Filled with numerous bands of warriors
Bristle e'er their hostile borders.
On the plains the burning Gheezis
Strikes the wearied traveller lifeless ;
And the huge and scaly monsters
In the mighty Mississippi
Eat both birch-canoe and sailor.”
“ I shall gladly,” spake the Father,
“ Die to save the roaming red man ;
Only send two brothers with me
On my distant western pathway.”
Quick, though grieved, arose the warriors,
Brought in two canoes of birch-bark
Sowed with cedar boughs and larch-roots,
Closed with resin from the fir-tree,
Brought in paddles made of oak-wood,
And a thick, strong sail of deer-skin.
Sad they looked, when last they saw him
Glide along the crystal waters ;
Still the east wind wafts their greetings
O'er the prairie's scented grasses ;
Still their shouts of parting welcome
Touch the gentle Black-Robe chieftain ;
While the darkling oaks and hemlocks
Rush like reindeer up the river.

Beautiful shone the eastern heavens
On the happy seventh morning ;
And the great sun lit the prairies,
Burned the dew-drops from the grasses,
Changed the waters into mirrors,
Decked with gold the flowery branches ;
When from out the clear Wisconsin
Floated two canoes of birch-bark,
'Twixt the nodding water-willows ;
Sailed into the ocean-river,
Sailed into the Mississippi,
Rushing from the icy north lakes
With his murmuring, crystal waters
Toward the southern moors and fenlands.
As they spread their sails of deer-skin
To unknown, propitious breezes,
'Neath the azure sky of summer,
In the pleasant moon of strawberries,
Tears of joy the missionary
Mingles with his thankful prayers.
He beholds the tawny nations,
East and west, run from their thickets
To the river's reedy margin,
Greet the cross that o'er the waters
Glistens on the mast of oak-wood ;
Sees their Manito like lightning
Fly, and yield the reign to Jesus.

Thus, while prays the raptured Black-Robe,
. While his hand the prairies blesses,
And his Indians shout with gladness ;
Float they o'er the Mississippi,

O'er the wide and glittering sandbars
Filled with water-fowl, by thousands
Preying on the sportive fishes.
On they glide past checkered islands
Swelling from the river's bosom
With their tufts of massive thickets ;
'Tween the Illinois rich lowlands
And the Iowa green maize-fields.
Widely range majestic forests,
Billowy plains of scented grasses ;
Whence come hurrying on the buffalo,
Come the antelope and musk-ox,
Press unto the sandy margin,
Drink the pure and crystal waters
Of the rushing Esconawbaw.

Near the mouth of the Moingona,
Rolling from the Sioux forests,
Leads a footpath to a village
Clustering on the sloping hillside.
Thither turns the fearless Black-Robe
With Joliet, his brave companion ;
First to tread the Mandan woodlands,
First of all the restless white men.
Soon, across the hills, four Indians,
Grave with age, advance to meet them,
Carrying the friendly peace-pipe
Brilliant with its colored plumage.
Toward the sun their hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it :
“ We are Illinois,” they shouted ;
“ We are men,” they said, “ oh stranger ! ”

Beautiful is the sun, oh Frenchman,
When you come so far to see us.
All our village greets your coming;
You shall enter all our wigwams."
And they lead them to their village,
Lead them to their nation's council;
Where the zealous missionary
Speaks to them of their Creator,
Speaks to them of Christ and Mary.
Strangely look the wondering warriors,
Look the Medas and Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets;
Stand with ears erect, and listen;
For six days they stand and listen,
Thinking on the words he tells them;
Thank him for his words of wisdom,
For the purport of his mission.
Then a hundred crested warriors,
Armed with all their warlike weapons,
Lead them to the sandy margin,
Where beneath the water-willows
Lies their turned cheemaun for sailing.
Gravely hangs the painted war-chief
Round the Black-Robe's neck the peace-pipe,
Decked with beaks and claws of eagles,
With their dappled colored feathers,
As an offering from the Spirit,
As a safeguard 'mid the nations.

Calmly float they down the river,
'Twixt the straight rocks towering o'er them,

Frowning on them like huge monsters ;
To the western great Missouri,
To the swift Pekitanoni,
Rushing, like a foaming conqueror,
Mad into the Mississippi,
Hasty dragging on his waters
To the southern, fretting ocean ;
Past the eastern broad Ohio,
Past the Wabash of the Shawnees,
To whose rippling waves the red man
Brings dried meat and leaf-tobacco.
Soon the thick canes hide the lowlands,
Stand so close and firm together,
Scarce the buffalo can pierce them.
Fiercely strike the spears of Gheezis
On the sails spread for an awning.
Prairies vanish. Plains of white wood,
Thick and high, crowd to the margin,
To the shore of shining pebbles.

Brave and hostile are the warriors
Of the village Mitchigamea.
Armed with bows and steel-tipped arrows,
Tomahawks and clubs and bucklers,
'Mid the dread roar of the war-whoop,
Shoot they o'er the trembling waters
In their vast canoes of white wood
Toward our peaceful, helpless strangers.
"Help, oh Virgin!" cries the Father ;
"Help thy poor, forsaken children!"
And the good Maid hears his prayers.

Scarce the warriors see the peace-pipe
Of the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Than the chieftains check the young men ;
Throw aside their bows and quivers,
Lead the strangers to their wigwams,
Give to them a hearty welcome,
Seat them on rich skins of beaver,
Smoke with them the gaudy peace-pipe
Made of red stone from the quarry
Of the mountains of the prairies.
On the morn ten warriors lead them
Down the widening, yellow river,
'Tween the reeds and water-lilies,
To the limit of their pathway,
To the village of Akansea,
Near the mouth of the Arkansas.
From their brakes upspring the Natchez,
Spring the Chickasaws and Choetaws,
Welcome them with shouts of gladness ;
Listen to his words of wisdom,
Listen to the great explorer
Of the mighty Mississippi.—
Soon the warriors of the northland
Great again their Black-Robe chieftain
In the sombre woods of fir-trees
By the rushing, clear Wisconsin.

Sing, oh sad Algonquin minstrel !
Of thy Father's last departure,
On the bleak and dreary headlands
Of the lake of Gitehe Gumee,

Where the Chippeways and Hurons
Roam upon the treacherous billows
In their frail canoes of birch-bark.
Scarce the distant, blood-red Gheezis
Shoots his darts into the forest ;
Where beneath yon mourn-clad hemlock,
By the murmuring crystal streamlet,
Stands the oaken mystic altar,
Hallowed with the world's redemption
Offered by Marquette, the Black-Robe,
With his faithful Indian children.
Then, with faltering words, the Father
Turning toward them speaks in this wise :
“Leave me in this silent woodland ;
Let me speak with the Great Spirit !”
Scarce the shadow of the fir-tree
Has an inch receded eastward,
When, in speechless grief, the warriors,
Coming, see their Black-Robe chieftain
Kneeling lifeless at the altar.
Folding still his hands in prayer
Sleeps Marquette the death of angels.
Long the firs and pines re-echo
With the red man's wail of anguish,
As of orphans vainly calling
On their cold and listless parents.
But, unlike the heathen Indian,
Know they how to bear their sorrows
With a Christian's manly patience.
In the earth they place their Father,
Plant an oaken cross above him,

As a notice to the red man ;
Say the prayers of funeral sadness
'Neath the darkling leaves of hemlocks,
By the strand of shining pebbles,
Near the pictured rocks of sandstone,
Near the cliffs of Gitche Gumee.

On the cold lakes of the northland ;
When the tempest heaves the surges,
In his frail canoe the sailor
Calls upon Marquette, the Black-Robe ;
And the rivers and the headlands,
And the mountains and the ice-fields
Still recall him to the hunter,
Lonely hurrying with his rifle
Through the forest on his snow-shoes.
Still the mighty Mississippi
Sings his praise in solemn murmurings ;
And the waving western prairies
Deck his footprints with their grasses,
Trod still by the Black-Robe hurrying
To the gusty Rocky Mountains,
To the Blackfeet and the Flatheads ;
Where the cross o'ertops the wigwam,
And the red man's hymn of gladness
Echoes in the nodding pine-trees.

ADDRESSES.

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A D D R E S S E S.

TO MY MAYLILY.

A Song to the Virgin.

Now the winter's gone, my Maylily,
With its cold and cheerless scene ;
And the hills and vales look smilingly
In their dress of velvet green.
Oh my Maylily ! Oh my Maylily !
How sweet thou art and fair !
Like the blushing rose, that pleasantly
With fragrance scents the air !

From their sunny climes, my Maylily,
The sweet birds rehail our spring,
And again among us merrily
Their perennial love-songs sing.
Oh my Maylily ! etc.

I have come again, my Maylily,
To renew the loved hour,
Which so oft we whilome happily
Spent beneath the lilach bow'r.
Oh my Maylily ! etc.

Fair and beautiful, my Maylily,
Thou to me hast always seemed ;
But so lovingly and charmingly
Thou hast ne'er yet on me gleamed.
Oh my Maylily ! etc.

Bright and glittering, my Maylily,
Shoots the sun athwart the sky ;
But his rays reflect them pallidly
In the splendor of thine eye.
Oh my Maylily ! etc.

Lovely smiles the vale, my Maylily,
In the verdure of the south ;
But it smiles not half so lovingly
As thy rosy-lippèd mouth.
Oh my Maylily ! etc.

Fairest of all flowers, my Maylily,
Blooms the fragrant, blushing rose ;
But a fairer rose more beau teously
On thy cheek perennial glows.
Oh my Maylily ! etc.

Far and wide perfumes, my Maylily !
From the flowers scent the air ;
But an odor more delightfully
Rises from thy golden hair.
Oh my Maylily ! etc.

Through the dangling groves, my Maylily !
The sweet bird his carol rings ;
But thy charming voice more tenderly
Thy melodious love-notes sings.
Oh my Maylily ! etc.

With that voice me hail, my Maylily,
To the trellised lilach bow'r;
That once more we may spend happily
In renewèd loves the hour!
Oh my Maylily! etc.

TO ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

FAVORED Maid, who first of Sainted
In America arose,
Leader of the New World's virgins,
Beautiful and fragrant Rose!

In the land, which to Pizarro
Lent a great but bloody fame,
Thou the tainted breeze hast scented
With the perfume of thy name.

What he to obtain endeavored
With the sword and torch's glare,
Thou hast gained, a tender maiden,
With long fasts and midnight pray'r.

O'er the silver-bedded Andes,
Round the Amazon's clear springs,
From the lips of white and red men
Thy undying honor rings.

Glad would I, a country-brother,
 Now in longer strains thee praise ;
 But thy saintly virgin lustre
 Calls for purer, sweeter lays.

Only pray I thee, whom first Saint
 In America God chose,
 Grant, that countless maids may rival
 In my land thee, heavenly Rose !



TO PIUS IX.

THE tyrant's mercenary bands
 Lay waste Romagna's fertile plain,
 With impious, sacrilegious hands
 God's holy shrine profane.

The mangled victims of their ire
 On every street and pathway bleed ;
 Their barbarous, inhuman fire
 Faith, lore and virtue feed.

The lonely widow's mournful cry,
 The motherless babe's helpless wail,
 The spouse-bereavèd maiden's sigh
 Their savage souls regale.

With lips distilling human gore
 The cry of liberty they ring,
 Vaunt to renew the Rome of yore,
 While crouching to a king,

Whose soul exhales the poisoned breath
 Of liberty's unhallowed grave,
 Whose freedom's gift is worse than death :
 The shackles of the slave.

Yet men like these the silly world
 Oppression's destroyers names,
 Their banner but to slave unfurled
 As freedom's flag proclaims.

And weakly emperors and kings
 Wink at the tyrant's growing might ;
 Sleep while the horrid funeral rings
 Of liberty and right.

But on the world benighted gleams
 One star yet in the darksome night ;
 The Sun's of Justice splendor beams
 On men still loving right.

Thou, Ninth of Piuses ! the sword
 Of righteousness unflinchèd wield'st ;
 Thou solely not to wolvish horde
 Thy loved lambkins yield'st.

Surrounded by perfidious kings,
 Not one to stand undaunted by,
 Stretched on a bed of sufferings
 Unequalled 'neath the sky.

Impeached by thousand traitorous tongues,
 Reviled by countless heresies,
 Accused of fabricated wrongs,
 O'erwhelmed with calumnies ;

Thou from thy apostolic rock,
Surrounded by thy gallant braves,
Resistest unto death the shock
Of tyranny's hired slaves.

Yet mindful of thy Master's word,
With meekness to o'ercome the foe,
Thou turn'st the crosier, not the sword,
Against th' impending woe.

Who e'er like thou so mild and sweet,
O'erwhelmed with trials like thine own,
Such patience 'neath insult's feet
Has ever like thine shown.

No mother o'er her slaughtered child
Such tears as thou o'er him has shed ;
No heart transpierced with sorrow wild
Like thine has ever bled.

Refection of the hungering poor,
Kind father of the parentless,
To every sorrow opened door,
Consoler in distress !

The base reviler may thy name
Contend to blacken with disgrace,
The lying poet may thy fame
Endeavor to efface ;

But sooner truth her sacred lips
Forever to the world shall seal,
Than that the good in lie's eclipse
Thy innocence conceal.

Mind not, illustrious sufferer ! .

The bitter jeer, the heaven-cursed wrong ;
Thy million children round thee e'er
Will true and valiant throng.

Though in thy Vatican should grow
The fatlings of their cursed brood,
Though on Siberia's fields of snow
Thou flee their track of blood ;

Yet will to thee thy children cling,
Their father thee will yet proclaim,
In every church of Christ will ring
Love's blessings on thy name.

Fear not ! thou restest 'neath her shield,
Whom thou hast robed in lily's charm ;
Thy vaunting foes will once more yield
To her puissant arm.

Serenely eye the maddened shock
Of human and infernal bands !
Thou stand'st securely on the rock
Built by the Saviour's hands !

TO MY MOTHER.

DUTY sweet, to love one's mother ;
Duty none, when happily
One a mother hath, whose goodness
Laboreth unceasingly.

Such wast thou, dearest of mothers !
Whom God kindly to me gave,
Ceaselessly to guard and love me
From my cradle to thy grave.

Joyously my infant slumbers,
Merrily my boyish days,
Happily my years of youthhood
Passed beneath thy tender gaze.

Cruel was the day, when from me
Cold, relentless death thee tore ;
Lonesome was the peopled city
When mine eyes saw thee no more.

Mother! from thy blessed homestead
Turn on me thy lovely eye !
Let not long me lonely wander ;
Listen to my longing sigh !

TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

ON westward, prince of mariners !
Though Mandeville's Cathay
And Polo's famed Cipango's isle
Close not thy liquid way ;
Yet fairer, richer, vaster realms
Shall greet thy longing eyes,
And all thy giant soul's fond hopes
Immensely realize.

On westward, prince of mariners !
Though dark-souled, envious foes
Will labor all thy after life
To drown in bitterest woes ;
Yet shall they but in brighter sheen
Thy mind serve to reveal,
And stamp their own degraded soul
With infamy's black seal.

On westward, prince of mariners !
Though meritless of fame
A puny merchant will pervert
Thy country with his name ;
Yet shall not less thy sole desert
Be known and prized by all ;
And poet shall delight thy land
Columbia to call.

TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ONCE more returns thy natal day
To Freedom without stain ;
And thousand freeborn children's lips
Join in the thankful strain :
Oh Father of our Country !

Dim shone that day, when first athwart
Sylvania's ice-clogged stream
Thou sought'st the haughty Briton's host,
Our Freedom still a dream—
Oh Father of our Country !

Celestial light that day illumed,
When trampling on the foe
Thou foundedst sacred Freedom's home,
The fairest here below—
Oh Father of our Country !

Truth decked her in her brightest robe,
When on that happiest day
Each brave heart spoke, and mothers taught
Their little ones to say :
Oh Father of our Country !

But, ah ! veiled not that day itself
In clouds of black despair ?
When traitors sprang up from this sod,
Thy glory to impair—
Oh Father of our Country !

Immortal hero ! and lived not
Still in our midst thy sword ?
Down sank the fiends, and on that day
Rang louder Freedom's word :
 Oh Father of our Country !

Oh, may for countless ages hence
Thy pure, undying fame
On each thy natal day return
The blessings of thy name —
 Oh Father of our Country !

TO A CICERONIAN.

THRICE happy thou, who from the barbarous din
Of rude Latiniasters find'st within
Immortal Cicero's sweet-swelling strains
The heartfelt joy no vulgar mind attains !
On God-loved Tullius the graceful Nine
Have showered all their learned gifts divine.
In him the power of Demosthenes,
Plato's abundance, of Isocrates
The pleasant rhythm charm the wondering ear,
The weak console, the mighty smite with fear.
“ Not rainy showers,” as Muse-loved Pindar sings,
“ He gathers, but o'erflows in living springs; ”
Whence stream, the issue of a godly mind,
The countless beauties of the speaking kind.

Bare is all eloquence without his name,
A gloomy waste without his brilliant fame.
But little more than nothing were the tongue,
Which now the learned only speaks among,
Unless Arpinum's noble son had wrought
In words delightful her untutored thought.
Him nobly thou, the vulgar crowd aside,
Hast chosen for thy true and lovèd guide.
Proceed, and know, the more he will thee please,
The more thy varied knowledge shall increase ;
Less darkness o'er the ignorant shall spread,
And brighter lore on every clime be shed !



TO A POET FRIEND.

'MID the silence of the forest,
Far removed from peopled throng,
Where no carol trills the foliage
Save the mocking-bird's wild song,
As he mimics the boy's whistle,
Or the country-maiden's lay ;
All alone, my friend, thou musest
With the lovely Queen of May.

Many though the themes and pleasant
That thy charmful lyre invite,
None but such as waft her praises
Can thy ardent Muse incite.

Boundless lore and countless beauties
Round thy chosen love entwine ;
Fairer in her lays thy friendly
Cares and gentle manners shine.

TO THE WATERS.

BROOKLET, brooklet, baby brooklet,
From thy mountain mother's side
Toddling down into the valley,
Trying but to make a slide !

Streamlet, streamlet, boyish streamlet,
Full of noise and full of tricks,
Playing marbles with the pebbles,
Spinning toy-top with the sticks !

Torrent, torrent, youthy torrent,
O'er the unseen precipice
In thy heedless rage of folly
Dashing into the abyss !

River, river, manly river,
Gravely gliding on thy course
When unhindered, but repelling
Each rebuff with giant force !

Ocean, ocean, hoary ocean,
Frothy with restraintless rage
'Neath the howling tempest's lashes,
Unsubdued by long-lived age!—

Brooklet, streamlet, torrent, river,
Ocean, my delightsome glee,
Teach me how to shun your follies,
Emulate your energy!

TO THE MOUNTAINS.

SNOW-CROWNED monarchs of the land,
Teach me rule with wary hand!

Bowing 'neath the azure sky,
Make me follow Him on high!

Soaring o'er earth's tainted wind,
Tell me scorn the vulgar mind!

Towering above the plain,
Bid me sing a heavenly strain!

TRANSLATIONS.

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TRANSLATIONS.

THE PRESENTS.

From the German of Blumenhagen.

WHEN the snow began to melt,
And the meadow greened anew,
She her lover blushing gave
Three fair snowdrops cold with dew.

“Snowdrop blooms within the ice,
Colorless and clear and cold ;
But the floweret kindly lisps :
Soon fair spring we shall behold !”—

And when in the May-clad groves
Nightingale his carol trilled,
Gave she him the greenly sash
From her bosom pleasure-filled.

“’T has upon a child’s pure heart
Calm and faithful ta’en its rest ;
Him defend in battle’s din,
For whom burns the virgin’s breast !”—

And when bluey gleamed the grapes
In the sunshine clear and bland,
She love-glowing took a ring
From her white and little hand.

“No beginning and no end
Has a ring, love’s truest sign ;
’Tis for thee the flower of life,
To preserve her—duty thine !”—

’Gain in white and chilly garb
Lay enwrapped the saddened mead ;
Weeping then she from her neck
Gave to him the pearly bead.

“Pearls, ah ! pearls betoken tears !
For no more in future sigh :
Only tears can I thee give,
Till in sorrow breaks mine eye.

With my brother’s death the sun
Of our family went down ;
For his life to our dear Lord
I resigned my maiden-crown.

Yet in convent’s chastened cell
No one can dare me prevent
Pearly beads for thee to string,
Ever true and on thee bent !”—

And the diamond from his helm
Tears the knight with love-led hand ;
Speeds, his brow decked with the pearls,
To the Saviour’s war-filled land.

'Neath the battle's horrid din
Quivering sinks Jerusalem ;
On the highest, storm-brewed tower
Brilliantly the pearl-beads gleam.

To the loftiest wall the knight
The Redeemer's ensign bore ;
There the maiden's greenly sash
A Turk-wielded sabre tore.

"Pearls, ah ! pearls betoken tears !
Tears th' impending death-winged dart!"—
Sash and ring and pearls the knight
Dying pressed into his heart.

I STOOD UPON A MOUNTAIN.

After an old German ditty.

I STOOD upon a mountain,
Looked on the billowy Rhine :
I saw a skiff, wherein were
Three counts, on its waters shine.

The youngest of the three counts
Me beckoned with kindly wink,
And from his shining goblet
Me asked of his wine to drink.

What took he from his finger ?
A ring so golden and fine :
“ See here, thou fair, thou beauteous,
Of my burning love the sign ! ”

“ What shall I with the ring do ?
Am but of a lowly state,
A young and helpless maiden,
Have no money or estate ! ”

“ If thou art a poor maiden,
Hast no money or estate ;
Think of the love that 'tween us
Overcomes all thoughts of state ! ”

“ I know naught of a love-thought,
The presence of men I shun ;
I'll go into a convent,
I wish to become a nun ! ”

At night, at midnight, sadly
Such a dream the count befell
About his love, his treasure,
Inclosed in the convent-cell.

“ Stand up, my groom, and saddle
For me and for thee a steed !
The trip is worth the riding :
To the convent we must speed ! ”

And when before the convent
He came, he knocked at the gate :
“ Come out the nun, the youngest,
That has entered but of late ! ”

“No nun has entered lately;
Nor can any come to thee!”
“Then shall we fire the convent,
This splendid nunnery!”

There came she in her simple,
Snow-white convent-dress arrayed:
“My hair is cut; forever
Farewell, oh young count!” she said.

The count in pensive silence
Sat him on a mossy stone:
Two days he there sat mourning;
Then breathed his dying groan.

With snowy hands the maiden
For the young count delved the grave;
Her eyes so black and browny
The holy water him gave.

With her clear voice the mournful
Vigils of the dead she sang;
With her sweet tongue the wailments
Of the funeral bell she rang.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

From the German of Wyss.

“WHAT dabbles so lately out on the lake?

Dear daughter, go out and see!”—

’Tis our neighbor’s duck that gabbles about;

Sleep, mother; don’t trouble thee!

“What drives through the water so wild and loud?

Oh, daughter, I am afraid!”—

Some farmer is swimming his saddle-horse;

Sleep, mother; be undismayed!

“That roars so terrific like tempest’s sweep!

List, daughter, a cry of despair!”—

A jolly young fisherman rows and sings;

Sleep, mother; be free of care!

“Oh, horror and wo! now breaks my poor heart!

Out must I to gain relief!”—

She cries and she rushes from out the house,

The mother in fear and grief.

And silently drifts a corse to the shore

Strewn with trees and sedge and tan:

There lies he all naked on the black sand,

“Oh merciful God—my man!”

“Now will I, my daughter, be quiet and sleep,
Will sleep all through the long night,
Will rest in the pleasant and never awaked
Long sleep, that no dream can fright.”

DEPARTING.

From the German of Osterwald.

WHEN the hour drew near
For departing's tear,
I beheld not the beauteous May:
Only this I knew
When my leave near drew,
That from thee I must far away.

Song and blossom's scent
Wide their pleasance spent,
But from me they all went astray:
Only this I knew
When my leave near drew,
That from thee I must far away.

Now that home I wind,
Not at all I mind
The fierce scourge which the winter swings;
For now well know I,
That the hour is nigh,
Which to thee once more me brings

When around me wild
Roars the tempest's child,
Yet like May's sweet maiden he sings ;
For now well know I,
That the hour is nigh,
Which to thee once more me brings.

THE STARS.

From the German of Arndt.

AND the sun rode in his circuit wide
Round the world ;
And the stars said : "Let us with thee ride
Round the world!"
And the sun them scolded : "Remain at home !
For I'll burn your eyes out, if ye dare come
Near my fiery track round the world!"

And the stars went to the lovely moon
In the night,
And they said : "Thou, lonely wanderers' boon
In the night,
Let us travel with thee ! thy gentle light,
It will never burn out our golden sight!"
And she took them, companions of night.

Now welcome, my lovely moon and stars
In the night !
Ye know what the joys of life unbars
In the night !
Come, and light the sky with heavenly ray,
That with you I may rove about and play
In the pleasant plays of the night !



NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

From the German of Castelli.

WHEN I a song compose on nothing,
I still compose that which is something,—
Contains so many a poem nothing,
And yet 'tis trumpeted as something ;
Of others' gain they whisper nothing,
Although from them we could learn something :
Hence praise or blame to me is nothing,
And every day compose I something.

The proverb says : he is worth nothing,
Who quick from nothing comes to something.—
One person makes from something nothing,
Another soon from nothing something.
We often angry get at nothing,
Again are calmed e'en without something.
God made the whole world out of nothing,
And—man !—thou thinkest thou art something ?

Art poor thou and possessest nothing,
 No soul will then thee offer something ;
 Reversedly, if thou need'st nothing,
 The whole world then thee offers something :—
 Hence of thy friends expect thee nothing,
 And lay betimes aside thee something ;
 I mean not money, that is nothing,
 But sciences, for they are something.

Who all things else considers nothing,
 And virtues only holds for something ;
 Him troubles and him injures nothing,
 Within his breast there whispers something :
 Thou didst on earth of evil nothing,
 But of what good is thou didst something ;
 And when thou once becom'st here nothing,
 Then hope, hereafter, for thee something.



THE ADVANTAGE OF LEARNING.

From the French of La Fontaine.

BETWEEN two villagers of yore
 Sprang up a lively argument :
 The one was poor, but skilled in lore ;
 The other rich, but ignorant.

This one upon his rival sought
To gain an advantageous hold ;
Pretending that each wise man ought
To honor him who had most gold.
All this was foolish; for why should
We goods devoid of merit prize ?
“But little reason,” often would
The rich man say unto the wise,
“It seems to me you have, my friend,
In seeking your whims to defend.
You think of course that you are able ;
But say to me, do you keep table ?
What profits it to such as you
To read and read incessantly ?
They’re always pent up in their mew,
A dark and low third story’s chamber,
Dressing in June as in December,
Having for lackey solēly
Their shadow following gloomily.
How well would the republic thrive
With men, like you, who naught expend !
But those to me seem need’d who strive
In luxuries much good to spend.
We make us useful, God it knows !
Our pleasure gives employ to those
That sell, that manufacture, both
Who make and wear the petticoat,
And you, for worthless books you wrote
Receiving from financial lords
The glittering gold you never loathe,
Meed of some fond inscriptive words.”

Such talk filled with impertinence
Received its well-deservèd pay.
The wise man kept due reticence,
Though much in turn he had to say.
But bett than satire could by far
His cause avenged was by the war.
The country of our gentlemen
Was laid in ruin by Mar's men.
Both had to leave their village then :
The ignorant without a home
Was everywhere reviled and scorned :
The learned man, where'er he'd come,
With some new favor was adorned.
Thus better was their argument
Decided than words could attain.
Let hence his talk the foolish vent ;
The wise man his reward will gain.



RETIREMENT.

From the French of Chenier.

A KING, I will say more, a sage,
Declared that all is vanity ;
All, e'en including majesty,
And, pity ! love, life's happiest wage.

A great many have longed to see
 In fangled glory decked their name,
 Eternized in the memory
 Of ages spreading still their fame.
 No doubt, such dream dispels life's gloom ;
 But when in our last, darksome day
 The torch grows pale and dies away,
 The noise which men make o'er our tomb
 Cannot relieve our fixed doom.

Happy who, by the world forgot,
 Without disturbance spends
 His time in learning and with friends !
 Happy who in some lonely spot,
 Truth's undisputed reign,
 Seeks in some favorite tome to gain
 Not lore, but pleasure's blissful lot !

In dreamy youth, when boundless seas
 Bright future to our eyes unveils,
 Man lists the whispering western breeze,
 And hopeful spreads his glistening sails.
 But soon the tempest's ceaseless shock
 His badly guided vessel chinks ;
 Upon the blind reefs of the rock
 She strikes her keel, and shattered sinks.
 Himself his arms securely oar
 To land : his dripping clothes he dries,
 And vowing to the heavens cries
 Forever not to leave the shore.

In vain th' illusive gentle breeze
Entices him with fondling charm ;
The sea and all its hopes he flees,
The very waves his soul alarm.
He will not pass the crowded street,
Where nothing can his eye allure ;
His tranquil pleasures for the fleet
Joys of the world he scorns t' abjure.
Less passionate, more sensible,
He wishes but the shade and breeze,
The silence of the forest-trees,
And tone of streamlet peaceable.

There, when the sun with his last rays
Has lit the mounts in crimson blaze,
Beneath the willows of the mead
The village frisky dance he sees ;
Is rocked in his sweet reveries
By the far-sounding tuneful reed ;
And, as the brooklet smoothly flees,
His life beholds he calmly speed.

FORGET ME NOT.

From the French of De Musset.

FORGET me not, when timorous the morn
 Opes to the sun her palace pleasure-filled ;
Forget me not, when pensive night forlorn
 In dreams glides 'neath her veil with silver trilled.
At the call of pleasure's note when thy bosom heaves
 with glee,
At sweet songs of evening's hour when the shadows
 call on thee ;
 Listen through the forest-trees
 To a voice fanned by the breeze—
 Forget me not.

Forget me not, when fate unmoved by tears
 Me shall have forced from thee fore'er to part ;
When exile, disappointment, and my years
 Shall have decayed this my despairing heart.
Think of my distressful love, call to mind my last fare-
 well ;
Not a difference in space or in time true love can tell.
 As long as my heart can beat,
 It shall e'er to thee repeat :
 Forget me not.

Forget me not, when 'neath the frozen ground
 My broken heart forever lies at rest;
 Forget me not, my gravestone when around
 The lonely flower opes her fragrant breast.
 I no more shall thee behold, but my deathless soul
 shall near
 Thee come often and thee soothe, like a sister true and
 dear.
 In the night's mysterious still
 Hear a voice lamenting trill—
 Forget me not.

THE POET.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

I.

LET soar in peace, from world that him not knows,
 Th' illustrious suffering with mental throes !
 Due honor on his ills bestow !
 Flee, all ye pleasures vain, his rigid throne !
 His palm increasing jealous and alone
 Cannot amid your flowers grow.

Enough of woes he bears, without your joys.
 Each step, to which a way sublime him coys,
 Has been achieved with misery.

He weeps his youth before his age is spent,
His life, a lowly reed, full-laden bent
With weight of immortality.

He weeps, fair childhood ! both thy charms and grace,
The smile that lights, the tear that wets thy face,
Thy happiness so sweet and wild,
And, far above, the wing of thy reposes,
And, 'mid tumultuous joys, thy crown of roses
That has his fiery brow defiled.

He blames his age, his poems and his lyre,
And glory's cup which, filled with ebrious fire,
Excites the jealous soul's regret,
His vows, fulfilling the dire promise given,
His heart, the Muse, and all the gifts of heaven,
Alas ! which are not heaven yet !

II.

Ah ! if at least, couched on the car of life,
His triumph's hymn and envy's roaring strife
Pass by, not troubling his repose !
If he could wander on oblivion's ways,
Or hide him in his glory, veiled in rays,
As in the sun an angel glows !

But e'er he follow must, in vulgar train,
The wave that spurns and drives him o'er the main.
Men cross incessantly his ways.
His grave voice in their idle talk is lost ;
In frivolous sports by foolish pride is tossed
The sceptre which his right hand sways.

Why from his kingdoms drag so far this king ?
What if vile atoms to a giant cling ?

Sons of the world, 'tis you he flies !
What to a deathless is your day's empire ?
Without his voice, without his tuneful lyre
Enjoy you not enough of noise ?

III.

Leave him within his sweet illumined shade !
Know you not that the brightening musing Maid
In secret there his woes delights ?
And leaving for him her celestial spheres,
The dove of Christ, and eagle of the Seers,
There often solaces his nights ?

His wakeful eye in saintly visions sees
Suns newly born and spheres on the decrease
Pass in a crowd 'neath heaven's dome ;
And following through space th' angelic choir
Surveys on distant mounts the strange attire
Of Nature's Maker in his home.

See you not from his eyes the bright flames roll ?
Know you not that the veil spread o'er his soul
Can never unproductive rise ?
With golden sheen and red flames from the roar
Of hell's carouse he instantly can soar
Up to the banquet of the skies.

Leave then, rash mortals ! far from you alone
Him, whom the Lord has marked, amid his own,
With this fair sign of direful doom,

Whose eyes see more than e'en the frightened dead
Of darksome mysteries, repose his head
Beneath the marble of his tomb!

IV.

A day comes, when the Muse herself the charms
Of his sweet lute with reverent priesthood arms ;
That to the world blood-drunken sent
He, curing us of our conceited might,
May from on high convey to men who slight
The prayer of th' Omnipotent.

A potent spirit fires his wakeful thought ;
And suddenly the lightnings heavenly wrought
In every word transcendent shine :
The thronging people prostrate lie around ;
Sinai mysterious, with thunders crowned
His brow all glows in fire divine !

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CONTENTED VASE.

NEAR Rheims upon the battle-field
His conquering arms had gained,
King Clovis rested on his shield
With many a foe's gore stained.

Still pagan was he, and his heart
Knew naught of Christ's meek light ;
Yet loved he always to impart
To suffering low their right.

Anon from out the city-gate
Three messengers there came ;
Bowed to the king grave and sedate,
And urged their modest claim :

“Great king, our holy bishop sends
Us to entreat of thee
A favor, which, we know, e'er spends
Thy heart so willingly.

Our sacred fanes have been defiled
By ruthless soldiers' hands ;
Of all their treasures dear been spoiled,
The wealth of many lands.

Yet these we ask not to replace ;
One only gift we crave :
Yon golden, ornamented vase,
The Saint of Tours us gave."

The king attentive heard their pray'r,
And instantly replied :
" To Soissons come with me ; there
The booty we divide.

And if by any turn of fate
I gain the precious vase,
Then will I from a heart elate
With joy the gift replace."

To Soissons they went ; and there
Beneath the army's eyes
Was heaped up all the captured ware,
And each obtained his prize.

Then of his soldiers asked the king :
" Brave warriors, allot
Me yonder little precious thing
Beside my given lot !"

The noble-minded all agreed :
" Great king, all that we see
Is thine, thy valor's rightful meed :
Take whate'er pleases thee !"

But one, a silly, envious man,
Cried out with all his main :
“ Naught but thy lotted booty can
Thy greedy hand obtain !”

Then lifting up his axe he flung
It on the golden vase—
The warriors all were sorely stung
At such bare-faced disgrace.

The king alone said not a word,
His boiling anger waived,
And on the messengers conferred
The present they had craved.

One year had fled, and on the field
Of Rheims King Clovis stood
Again, and rested on his shield
Though now unstained with blood.

Before him passed in lengthy file
His brave, victorious host,
Arrayed in gaudiest martial style,
Primeval Frankmen’s boast.

Each warrior he close surveyed,
And dealt out praise or blame,
As on or carefully arrayed
Or slothfully he came.

See there that man so madly bold,
Who grudged the golden prize !
The king still felt the smart of old ;
Wrath sparkled in his eyes.

“ What’s this ? ” he cried ; “ no other bears
Such worthless arms as thou :
Thy sword and axe a field of tares
Have rooted out, I trow ! ”

And snatching from his right the axe :
“ Lo ! how the golden vase
Of Soissons I mind, and tax
Thy grovelling disgrace ! ”

Then high the fatal weapon blazed,
And clove the soldier’s head.—
The Franks mute and awe-stricken gazed,
All paly shook with dread.

Thence not a warrior e’er gainsaid
The king’s once spoken word ;
With boundless power thence he swayed
His fierce, unruly horde.



DEATH OF SAVONAROLA.

BEFORE the blazing funeral pyre
The Tuscan martyr stood.
Around him with malignant ire
His foes gasped for his blood.

But ill their glee the high-born pimps
Of Church and tyrant State
Hid 'neath the sanctimonious glimpse
Of pity at his fate.

His death they long had wished for, urged
By their own crimes profane,
Which fearlessly the man had scourged
On street, in hall and fane;
Nor less, their hatred to declare,
By lustful artists' gold,
Who strove, oh God! their worshipped fair
In churches to unfold.

Yet must their diabolic aims
In piety's garb be decked,
That not their consecrated names
With murder foul be flecked;
That not the good's indignant rage
In dreaded power boil,
And vengefully an after age
On their soiled tombs recoil.

High on his purple-colored throne
With glittering gold inlaid,
The bishop of Florentia shone
In puckered robes arrayed.
By papal Borgia came he hired
To slay the saintly man,
And clothe his murder so desired
In Church's awful ban.

“Savonarola!” thus he cried ;
 “As heretic I turn
 Thee from our Church’s mother-side,
 That damned thou may’st burn !
 His priestly garments from him tear,
 Which vilely he profaned !
 Erase the sacred oil, which e’er
 So recklessly he stained !”

“From Church on earth thou may’st me move ,
 The martyr quick replied ;
 “But never from the Church above,
 Where justly I’ll be tried !
 Shall I fear him, th’ eternal Judge,
 When for his sake alone
 I’ve ever borne the deadly grudge
 Of lust conspired with throne ?”

He said, and rushing on the pyre
 Stood fetterless and bold :
 Anon the hissing flames of fire
 Around his body rolled.
 With arms cross-folded on his breast
 He breath’d his spotless soul,
 That swiftly soared to heavenly rest,
 His heart’s perennial goal.

Deep horror chilled the eyeing crowd :
 The murderers looked pale ;
 The people one-voiced cried aloud :
 “Oh, saintly martyr, hail !”

Whom pope and bishops heedlessly
A heretic portrayed,
To him the saints of Italy
As to a martyr prayed.

LA CHARBONNIÈRE.

STRANGER, if on the greatest
Of rivers thou shouldst sail,
Or drifted by the current,
Or wafted by the gale ;

Pass heedless not yon headland,
The rarest of the rare ;
Known to the people round it
As La Charbonnière.

To me known, ah ! far better
Than any cliff around,
The islands in the river,
The lowlands' marshy ground.

On that side flows a brooklet
Into the gulfy stream ;
On this side shaded greenswards
With smiling violets teem.

Eastward the Mississippi
His bluffs refulgent laves ;
Westward on rolling hillocks
The oaken forest waves.

Stately the mount arises,
His front a rocky steep,
His flanks the sloping woodlands,
His rear a forest deep.

But vainly strives all beauty
Of nature e'er so fair
To rival the soul's beauty
When nursed by godly air.

I called thee not, oh stranger !
The wave from to the green,
Merely to see my headland,
And drink the charmful scene :

I wished thee but a moment
To tread this mountain sod,
And see how men, thy brethren,
Like angels serve their God.

For lo ! here on the hilltop
A wondrous group recline
Of youths, whose smiling faces
With Seraph ardor shine.

Dressed are they like each other,
A staff each holds in hand,
No sign distinction savors,
A brother heads the band.

But note the words they utter,
And list the hymns they sing,
And mark how heavenly ardor
Thence courses through the ring !

They speak of men as brothers,
Who bear a sainted name,
Have spread through countless kingdoms
Their pure undying fame :

Whose name the Indian blesses
In vales of Parana,
On gusty Rocky Mountains,
In wilds of Ottawa ;

Whom Afric's fettered children
Their liberators name ;
Whom China's sons of science
Their teachers wise proclaim ;

Who on the mounts of Θεός
And Σοφία highest soar,
Who of the starry heavens
Reflect the brightest lore.

Then sing they of the Triune,
Of Mary, mother sweet,
The Saint of Pampeluna,
Whom they as father greet.

And while they thus speak saintly,
And thus angelic sing,
Thou fain wouldest think the lauded
Renewed were in their ring.

For one the gentle Kostka's
Unruffled sweetness beams,
Another with austerer
Gonzaga's pureness gleams.

Here one on Balde's pinions
Soars to Cecilia's mount,
Another with Suarez
Drinks from Catharina's fount.

There dreaming of his Indians,
Of Chinese, Japanese,
The ardent youth in Xavier
His noble model sees.—

But, stranger, now no longer
I'll here thy feet detain;
Come with me to the river,
I'll loose thy barge's chain!

Glide o'er Missouri's waters,
Sail over Ocean's waves!
Where mild the wavelet dimples,
Where rough the billow raves.

And wheresoever thou sailest,
And lightest on the strand;
Proclaim the heavenly virtues
Of that young Jesuit band!

THE ORPHAN.

FAST by the rushing river,
On the dappled green I lay,
When the woodland songsters warbled
In the lovely month of May.

Out of the smoking city,
From the dust-enshrouded street,
With quick step had I hurried
To this rural, sweet retreat.

Gently where from my forehead
Feverous with anxious care,
With his leafy boughs the hemlock
Kept away the solar glare.

What were the cares that troubled
Ere that hour my feverish head ?
What were the cloud-covered phantoms
That enveloped me with dread ?

The orphan asks that wanders
Over the desolate earth ;
Who bereaved of his kind mother
Seeks in vain for joyous mirth.

Whom in his gloomy rambles
Each sound his mother recalls ;
Whom atween his midnight slumbers
The spectre of want appalls.

But why beneath that hemlock
Put to flight my anxious care ?
Why the phantom cruel of hunger
At my misery ceased to stare ?

For since that hour no longer
I tread a desolate wild ;
With serene peace beams my forehead,
I'm no more an orphan child.

Think ye perhaps my mother
Stepped down on that flowery beach,
With her lovely face smiled on me,
And gave me her hand to reach ?

Truly a mother lighted,
Though she was not whom ye ween :
Far more beauteous than the earthly,
And superior like a queen.

Dimmed were the rays of midsun
In the splendor of her face ;
From her eyes beamed heavenly mildness,
On her lips played bounteous grace.

Her head inwreathed a crownet
Resfulgent of glittering gold.
In her hand she held a sceptre
Of hyacinthian mould.

Sweetly her smiling liplet
To these words of love she oped :
“ Lo ! my son, a truer mother
Than thou vainly e'er hast hoped !

Why do grim cares thee trouble,
And why beats thy heart with fear?
Cast on me thy cares and terrors,
Give my words a willing ear!

I am their dearest mother,
Who invoke my name with love;
Who bereaved of th' earthly parent
Lift their eyes to me above.

Mary I am, the mother
Of the Son of God, who gave
Me the care of all lamenting
O'er their mothers' early grave.

And now, my child, no longer
Let thy tears of anguish flow:
Know thou hast a mother o'er thee
Far better than e'er below!"

Thus spake the beauteous lady,
While my heart leaped with delight;
Then up to the bluey ether
She winged her celestial flight.

Still by the rushing river
On the dappled green I lay;
But the birds more sweetly warbled
Than on any previous day.

With rival tongues they caroled,
As they fluttered through the air,
The heavenly beauties of Mary,
How sweet she was and how fair.

E'er when the sun from hilltop
On river shoots his first ray,
There I no longer an orphan
Spend grateful the first of May

SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS.

SHEPHERD.

MAIDEN, when I see thee frolic
On the cliffs amid the storm,
Anxiously my bosom flutters
For thy lithe and tender form.

SHEPHERDESS.

Shepherd-youth, when swift the ibex
Thou pursu'st with reckless leap,
Chilled with horror my heart shudders
At the yawning mountain steep.

SHEPHERD.

When upon the flowery greensward
Lightly skimm'st thou with thy lambs,
Childlike joy thrills through my bosom,
Love my lonely spirit balms.

SHEPHERDESS.

When the hungry wolf thou chasest
 Kindly from my threatened fold,
 Scarcely can I hide my blushes,
 Ill conceal my love untold.

SHEPHERD.

Maiden sweet, if I beside thee
 At the Virgin shrine could kneel,
 There the love which burns within us
 With the rapturous vow to seal ?

SHEPHERDESS.

Dearest youth, ne'er felt I happier
 Than with such thought from above ;
 Deeper glow the maiden blushes,
 Stronger beats my heart with love.



LAUS CONJUGII.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring!—MILTON.

COLD is the earth, a stony couch of woe ;
 On every side heart-piercing thistles grow :
 Yet in the darksome waste of cheerless cold
 One cheering, brilliant flame my eyes behold ;

Yet the wide field of sorrow-stinging thorns
One fair and pleasure-breathing rose adorns ;
Yet 'tween the couches with sharp stones o'erspread
I see a soft and comfort-bringing bed.
Immortal Love ! when first thy pleasing fire
Thrilled through the veins of mankind's happy sire,
Enraptured gazed he on the consort fair ;
Eke throbbed her breast—first joyed the happiest pair :
Into the living boon of love, the same,
Still glowing brightly coursed the wonted flame ;
With pleasing joys necessity combined,
And lifeless void with non-compliance joined.
In vain the sanctimonious bachelor
Affects thy marvellous sweetness to demur :
His is the lot, untended and alone
To pass his life a sour and useless drone ;
Smother th' unquenchèd flame of nuptial joy
With stoic thoughts that eft the holiest cloy.
Oh rise, conjugal bliss, in all thy charms,
And dauntless brave the skeptic's vaunted arms !
The doughtiest foe shall 'neath thy banner cower,
The sternest brave confess thy heavenly power !

LAUS VIRGINIS.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!—POPE.

WHAT low contempt must fill the sapient mind,
To view the follies of the softer kind !
See her fair face with poisoned colors swilled,
The dripping, wound-up hair with saw-dust filled.
Her grey-browed eye 'neath jetty ridges glows,
On her pale cheeks blooms an unusual rose,
Her bluey lips a new vermillion dyes,
Her rotten teeth a gold-cased jaw supplies.
Proudly she struts along the fashion street,
Where kid-gloved fops the showy gill-flirt greet.
Her billowy tilter to each wanton gaze
The snowy freshness of her calves displays.
Oh God ! and tell my doubting eyes me right :
Is this a woman flecked to human sight ?
Thanks to the Power that rules the worldly sphere !
Still virtue breathes and walks the vice-puffed near.
Lo ! by her side in coarse, black garment dressed
'Th' angelic nun pursues her kind behest.
Not for herself, but to the poor's aid vowed,
She gently trips atween the worldly crowd.
No vulgar eye can fix his wanton gaze
On that fair face, whereon serenely plays

The heavenly bliss of wedded godly love ;
Unearthly smile, since lives her spouse above.
No human love-shafts wound her maiden heart ;
Unseeing, unseen she treads the world's wild mart.
But when at eve she seeks her lonely bed,
Celestial beauties circle o'er her head :
Her Love divine sleeps on her virgin breast,
And soft caressing lulls her into rest.
Oh, what to her unruffled peace of mind
Are all the wild joys of the loving kind !
Scarce have we felt the pleasing, ebrious fire,
And lowly glimmering the flames expire.
Scarce has love's triumph eased our weary head,
And all her promised joys lie withering dead.
But thou, angelic Love, the vestal's lot,
Hast happily solved the long unravelled knot :
Thine are the pleasures which no time can cloy,
With thee abides serene and endless joy !



OUR COUNTRY.

A JUVENILE EFFORT OF 1860.

COME, Columbian Muse, inspire me
With thy raptured thoughts and feelings ;
Help me sing my country's praises,
Sing her mounts and vales and prairies.
Crystal lakes and giant rivers,

Varied climes and dappled verdures,
Yellow crops and ceaseless products,
With her countless herds of cattle,
And her roaming droves of wild beasts
Chased in fury by the red man ;
Come, oh Muse, inspire my feelings !

Where the plain Canadian farmer
Dwells in peace and simple virtue,
Where the hurrying, broad St. Lawrence
Rushes to the rough Atlantic,
Where the cold lakes of the northland
Feed with fowl and rice the red man ;
Runs our line, along the ice-fields,
To the isle of Fort Vancouver
Bathing in the smooth Pacific.
"Twixt these giant wastes of waters
Gently slopes our native country
To the waves that wash the islands
First to greet the great Columbus,
To the rapid Rio Grande
Rising in the Rocky Mountains,
To the lofty Cape St. Diego,
Last of California's headlands.

Like sweet guardian angels watching
O'er the infant's harmless footsteps,
Rise aloft, o'er plains and woodlands,
Towering the snow-crowned mountains.
Toward the east the Alleghanies,
Round whose crests the misty vapors
From the rude Atlantic hover ;

Toward the west the Rocky Mountains,
Brothers of the mighty Andes,
Seem to touch the azure heavens
With their hoary heads of snow-flakes.
In their cells and bleak apartments
Reign the winds and frowning tempests.
North and south and east and west winds
Rush thence o'er the hills and valleys,
O'er the ocean's frightened billows
Fleeing from the direful tempest,
Swallowing the vessel's timbers
Floating on the angry waters.

'Neath the mountains' frowning snow-tops
Spread the wondrous, billowy prairies,
With their wild and restless flowers,
And their waving, scented grasses
Rolling in the golden sunshine.
O'er them rove the elk and bison,
Rove the antelope and musk-ox,
Rode unbridled herds of horses
Neighing proudly in their freedom.
Fierce the red man scours the prairie,
Rushes toward the droves of bison,
Toward the deer and toward the horses,
Kills and captures what he pleases.
Or the burning rays descending
From the fiery orb of Gheezis
Drink his own blood on the wild heath;
As he meets his deadly foeman,
Either in the fierce Comanche
Rushing on his bitless charger

O'er the southern plains and deserts,
Or the northern vengeful Blackfoot
Roving 'neath the Rocky Mountains,
By the springs of the Missouri.

Sweeter are those smiling prairies,
Blooming 'neath the nursing culture
Of the simple western farmer.
Serious wave the yellow wheat-fields,
Conscious of their vast importance ;
Lofty rise the bearded cornstalks,
Envied by the greedy cattle ;
Lower, toward the tropic regions,
Grow the softer fruits and products
'Neath the fierce descending sunshine
Ceaseless in his potent vigor.

Rushing through these blooming prairies
Rolls the mighty Mississippi,
Greatest of the race of rivers,
Father of the inland waters.
From the northern lake, Itasca,
In the Minnesota woodlands,
Takes his rise the humble streamlet ;
Stronger meets the clear Wisconsin
At the famed Galena lead mines ;
Through the Illinois rich lowlands
Takes their stream of sluggish progress,
To the western great Missouri,
Rushing from the Rocky Mountains,
Brother of his northern waters ;
And the eastern broad Ohio

Flowing from the Alleghanies ;
Meets the ocean's dark blue billows
With his tide of muddy yellow,
Pours his copious floods in torrents
By three mouths into the ocean,
Raising high the angry surges ;
Leaves awhile my native prairies,
But his ceaseless flood remaineth
In my country's flowery bosom.

Emblem of continued vigor,
Unity and ceaseless power,
May thy never-failing waters
Ever wash our native woodlands,
Ever nurse our blooming prairies,
Ever bear our laden steamboats !
Never let the stranger take thee,
Never wash his lifeless forests,
Never nurse his scanty wheat-fields,
Never bear his tyrant war-boats
On thy free, unbounded bosom !
But roll e'er thy fertile waters
Through thy free and boundless valley ;
Free as when the red man sailed thee,
Free as when the Black-Robe blessed thee,
Free as when De Soto guided
To the Chickasaw Bluff hailed thee !
Call e'er to our dear remembrance
Our forefathers' noble struggle
For our common lasting freedom !

THE AMERICAN MAIDEN'S SONG.

I AM an American maiden !
My eyes are bluey and mild,
My liplets are lovely and rosy,
My heart is undefiled.

I am an American maiden !
With tender warmth at the name
Of my lovèd country my bosom
Glows in love's brightest flame.

I am an American maiden !
In vain love's enraptured fire
For the youth that loves not his country
My breast tries to inspire.

I am an American maiden !
My gentle and bluey eyes,
My rosy, sweet lips and my pure heart
The traitor-youth despise.

I am an American maiden !
He only shall be my love,
Who 'mid the acclaim of rebellion
His patriot arm shall prove.

I am an American maiden !
More fairly and brightly glow
My charms, when I love the dear country
To whom my heart I owe.

L'ENNUI.

Oh, hated goddess, or whate'er thou be,
Grim Melancholy! why thy sable wing
Spreads ever gloomy discontent o'er me,
E'en when of love and fame I gayly sing?

Is there no home then here below for rest?
Must every noble-minded effort droop,
Each generous flame be smothered in the breast,
Beneath the heart-and-brainless tyrant's swoop?

Methought in some or other nook on earth
I could find peace no envy should disturb:
That joys of love or learning's lauded worth
Or faith esteemed the fiery youth should curb.

Alas! 'twas all an idle dream, naught else!
Love gave, indeed, of all the best relief;
But eft hypocrisy the pleasant spells
Dashed into air, and wrought the more of grief.

Is learning worth the labors of the mind?
Had I a rustic been in lone retreat,
A thousand tongues had said: "No youth so kind;"
Who now cry out: "What impudent conceit!"

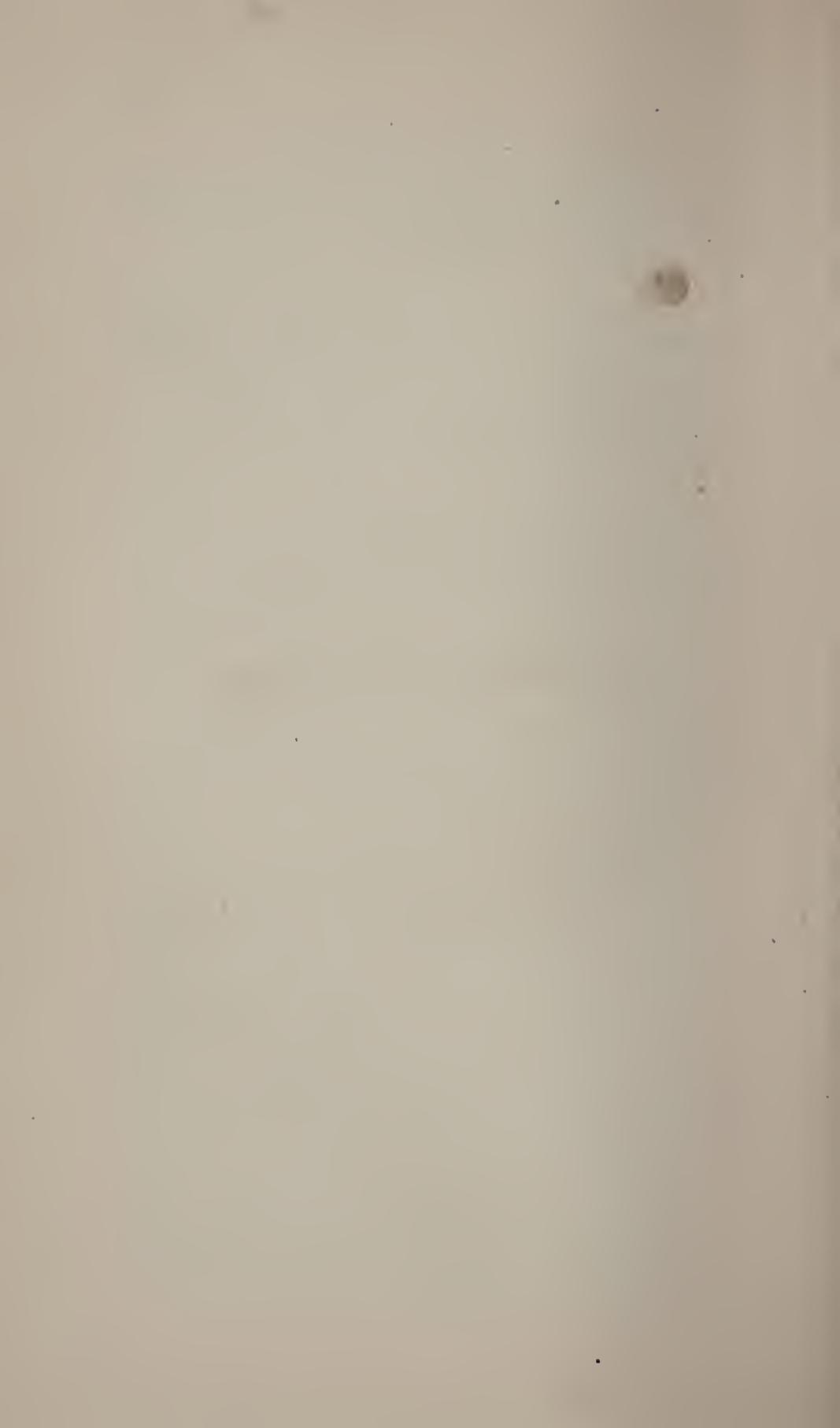
Have I a faith, that faith must live above;
For here below I've sought for it in vain:
Where sycophants th' Eternal Truth's fair Dove
Have soiled with power's and lust's tartarean stain.

But I wax wroth—I well-minded forget
That such words can me woes unnumbered bring;
That if I wish me laurels to beget,
I first must ask my lords what songs to sing.

Ah! noble hint!—And should my heart's best blood
I have to pour out in the righteous cause,
Yet would I ope my fearless lips, while stood
A vestige still of tyranny's red claws!

Too well I know, that even should I strive
To cater to the thankless despot's whims,
Not better should my promised laurels thrive :—
Where is the man whose sunshine nothing dims?

Begone, then, Melancholy! spread no more
Athwart my lustrous fancy thy black wing!
Free to Melpomene's mount will I soar,
Unhindered there my darling songs to sing!



LONGER POEMS.

21

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LONGER POEMS.

THE CAPTIVE OF CHARITY.

A LEGEND OF ST. PAULINUS OF NOLA.

THIS legend is based on the veracious testimony of Gregory the Great, who recounts it in his Dialogues (Book III., Ch. I.). There is an abundance of diserepancy among commentators on this passage, arising from the diffieulty of reconeiling St. Gregory's narrative with the chronology of history. According to the latter, not the Vandals, but the Goths made a descent into Italy during the closing period of St. Paulinus' life, who died in the year 431, whereas the Vandals did not attack Campania before the year 442. All, however, agree that there was some bishop of Nola, called Paulinus, who voluntarily sold himself to the barbarians for the release of a poor widow's son. Leaving it, therefore, to historic erities to settle the diserepancies of chronology, I have put into the form of a poem the legend as it is given by St. Gregory himself. The fact is indisputable; the heroic deed of love was performed: whichever Paulinus it be, he was the son of that Church, which first raised the standard of charity, and has never ceased to wave it over suffering human kind.

CLAD in her choicest robe the Pagan Muse
Had sparkled o'er the earth her brilliant haes;
The breast of Melesigenes inspired,
With odes sublime the Theban songster fired,

On Helicon's bright mount the Mantuan swain
Taught with Venusia's bard her heavenly strain.
To breathing forms the sculptor's magic hand
Had shaped the rocks, and ranged along the strand
Of Greece and Italy the godly train
Of heroes watching o'er the land and main.
From Athens' walls the People's Strength had thrown
The forkèd lance at Philip's trembling throne ;
While in proud Rome the Tullian consul hurled
To dust the traitor's bloody flag unfurled.
Fraught with the spoils and slaves of deadly war
Had rolled 'mid loud *Ios* the victor's car.
On India's plains the warlike Macedon
The golden East with reeking sword had won.
O'er Gallic hordes and Pompey's valiant bands
Triumphant, Cæsar had with gory hands
Seized on great Rome, and swayed her world-wide lands.

Bright shone the face of Muse and Martial Maid,
In glittering white and flaming red arrayed.
Joyous the scene to base and selfish mind.
But sad and black to suffering human kind.
To rights of hospitality the door
Opened to the rich, but opened not to the poor.
His was the lot, unpitied and alone
To rest his head upon the icy stone ;
Worse than a dog reputed driven from
The menial board, and e'en denied the crumb ;
Picked up and dragged into the den beneath,
And flung for food into the lion's teeth ;
Or worse than death, if hapless young and fair,
Forced at carouse the master's lust to share.

Coldly the Stoic in feigned sanctity
Glanced at the wretch, and passed by heartlessly.
To steel his breast against the suffering throng,
And own not that which reason told was wrong,
He lying taught, to pity poor mankind
Was weakness, and trait of a vulgar mind.

Thus ruled the cruel, ere the genial Sun
Of Mercy on the world benighted shone,
Beamed his fair rays of pity and of love
On hearts, which misery ne'er before could move,
Taught them the poor like brothers to receive,
Soothe their sad hearts, and famished lips relieve ;
Eternal joys in heaven to him foretold,
Who in the poor should Christ, his Lord, behold.
Stunned, shocked, vexed, stung and stupefied
The world such precept heard, and works of pity eyed :
Aghast now wondering gazed, then wildly raged,
Now held her truce, then fiendish battles waged
Against the ministers of love ; till drunk
With human gore herself defeated sunk :
While all the world-wide Roman empire o'er,
In every peopled land, on every shore
Waved love's sweet banner o'er the gladdened poor.
Once more the earth another Eden seemed,
And in each hut the star of charity gleamed.

Yet could the minister of earth's dread woes
Not calmly slumber in his forced repose.
Revolving still within his hellish mind
The various arts to torture human kind,

At last a means he found to glut his ire
On hated foes with Vandal sword and fire,
And change the world anew to one vast pyre.
Nor did the mighty Lord of heaven restrain
His quivering rage, or check his savage train :
Willing his children nursed in meekness' school
With humble patience the world should rule ;
Perhaps also to scourge the lust and pride
Of those who revelled in debauch's tide ;
But most of all, 'mid scenes of loss and woe
The gallant virtues of his saints to show :
Among whom great Paulinus fairly shone,
The orphan's father and the widow's son.
His lay I wish in simple strains to sing ;
May Seraphs come, and help my lyre to string !

* * * * *

Bedded on rich Campania's verdant plains
The village Nola stretched 'tween peaceful lanes.
No riot waked the solitary night ;
Naught but calm commerce graced the golden light,
Or here and there the pilgrim's pious sight.
E'en calmer than before the town of late
Had grown, and risen to a holier state,
Since thither led devoutly to the shrine
Of sainted Felix by command divine
Paulinus scorning consular attire
Within her walls had chosen his retire,
To serve that God, whom vainly he had sought
'Mid earthly cares to worship as he thought.
In works of love, and fasts and midnight prayer
His patron's life he strove to copy there.

The people, struck with his great sanctity,
Had loudly called him to their vacant see.
Capped with the mitre, crosier in hand
He like a father travelled through the land.
No step he took, but in his footprint rose
The smiling lily and the blushing rose :
Of saintness that the sign, of healthness this,
With which he robed the land in heavenly bliss.
No prisoner lone sighed, no criminal groaned,
No orphan wailed bereft, no widow moaned.

Gladly the country teemed, but joyous mirth
Flies swiftly o'er our miserable earth.
Scarce have we plucked the fruit of longlived care,
When all our labors vanish into air.
Scarce has the breeze us cradled to repose,
When from our couch the hurricane us blows.
One night—the thought my blood with horror chills—
A sulphurous flame glared on the neighboring hills :
Nearer and nearer toward the town it drew,
Brighter and brighter in its course it grew.
Now had it reached the walls, when in its glare
A thousand sabres cleft the trembling air.
“Death to the Christian dogs!” they barbarous cried ;
“Oh God! the Vandals!” low the watchmen sighed.
“The Vandals! Vandals!” through the town it rang
From death-pale lips and trumpet’s funeral twang.
Roused from sweet slumber by tumultuous cry,
The savage yell, and flames upsoaring high,
Here leaped a fearless warrior to his feet,
There fled with babe a mother through the street.
Shouts, screams commingled rent the midnight air ;

Reddened the savage cheek in torch's glare.
Valiant the village braves the murderous tide
Checked for awhile inseparable side by side.
But vainly strove a half-awakened few
To battle with a fierce and treacherous crew.
Bravely they forward on the slaughtered sank,
Happy to hear the captive's chain not clank.
For lo ! scarce had death's angel closed their eyes,
And winged their souls athwart the liquid skies,
Than savagely in galling shackles bound
Their wives and children groaned upon the ground ;
With many a valorous youth, whose reeking sword
Had deadly whirled among the barbarous horde ;
With many a tender maid, whose features fair
Had hapless met the lustful Vandal's stare.
Then the shrill trumpet beat the wild retreat,
Amid the shrieks of severed ne'er to meet.
Farther and farther from the town the light
Of horror's torches lit the quivering night—
Till thwart the hills it vanished from the sight.

But where was he amid this scene of woe,
Whose breast so kindly e'er was wont to glow ?
Hid he perhaps, or ignominious fled,
While 'twixt wolves' teeth his lovèd lambkins bled ?
Ah ! better knew his flock their trusty lord,
Who death sought rather than its pangs abhorred.
Scarce tolled th' alarum, scarce the shrill horn blew,
When from his stony couch he succoring flew.
'Mid crackling flames, atween the crumbling walls
No danger stops him, and no fear appalls :

Into the thickest fight he reckless flies,
Nor held by threats nor checked by savage cries.
Where'er a babe shrieks wrapped in hissing flames,
He breasts the ladder and the victim claims.
Where'er a maiden wrings with helpless hand,
He leaps between, and checks the ruffian band.
Where'er a warrior writhes from gaping wound,
He kneels beside him on the gory ground.
Where'er he hears an agonizing groan,
He priestly sanctifies the dying moan.
When driven on slow moved the sorrowing train
Of captives shrieking for release in vain,
He beating with a mother's bosom flew
Whither still treasures to be hid he knew;
Despoiled his house of all its little store,
The sparkling jewels from his mitre tore;
Toiling beneath the wealthy burden sped
To where his children bound in chains were led;
Poured 'neath the captain's eyes his goods unrolled,
And prayed him give his children for his gold.
The Vandal, though of rude and barbarous mind,
Could not withstand his words so sad and kind:
Whom money slavish claimed, he freed of chained;
But sterner force from kindlier gifts refrained.
Joyous for whom he happily had freed,
Sorrowing for whom he could not with him lead,
The prelate to his mourning town returned;
While toward the coast the slaves and slavers turned.

'Twas morn. The Ruler of the seas and lands
Had just been offered in the bishop's hands.

Joined with his prayers the lonely's mournful sighs
Had supplicating pierced the heavenly skies.
Many a burning thank from grateful hearts
Had whizzed aloft to God like flaming darts.
Many a blessing on the prelate's head
Had breathed a maiden rescued from the dead.
The service ended, from the sainted dome
Each went or sad or glad and sought his home.
The bishop, too, the last, from prayer rose,
His heart yet bleeding with his children's woes.
In troubled mind he saw the helpless train
Of sad bereft call for his aid in vain,
Widows and orphans rear their trembling hands,
Unable to supply their loved demands.
And lo ! there—now—scarce had he oped the door,
And poured his blessing on the crowd before,
Than rushing through their midst a woman flew
With hair dishevelled, at his feet her threw,
Raised her thin arms, and sobbing cried aloud :
“Oh father, pity me, a woman bowed
With many a toilsome year, and many a grief!
Alas ! my only son, my sole relief
In this wide world, is snatched away from me.
Already sails he o'er the distant sea.
Oh help me free him, help, oh father dear ;
Have pity on a widowed mother's tear !”
Thus hapless she. Her tears renewèd roll,
And whetted swords of grief transpierce her soul.
Awhile the Saint in thoughtful silence mused,
With clouds of woe his weeping eyes suffused :
His little treasury completely drained,
No sesterce of his own he knew remained.

Toward the blue vault he raised his tearful eye,
His bosom tortured with the woman's cry,
And beckoned light from him who rules on high.
Lo ! then, as if raised to the blessed's choir,
His face shone brilliant with ethereal fire.
" Daughter, arise, be comforted !" he spoke ;
" I for thy son will bear the slavish yoke.
Come, let us speed, if yet in time we be,
To change the slave for him who still is free !"
In vain the woman and his children all
His generous resolve strove to recall.
The noon sun saw him ride the bluey wave,
Hastening the widow's son from galling chains to save.

* * * * *

Planted by Dido on Numidia's strand,
Razed to the ground by Scipio's vengeful hand
Fair Carthage still from deadly slumber rose,
Undaunted by her previous life of woes.
Conscious as if of ancient rank and fame,
Struggling as if to gain anew a name,
She traced her walls along the briny tide,
And reared her marble domes in regal pride.
Domes which, alas ! but served the filthy train
Of softened slaves in Cytherea's reign.
For here that senate wise and stern of yore,
Which made e'en Hannibal quake, ruled no more ;
But tyrants nursed in foulness and in blood,
Carousing e'er in lust and drink and food :
Roused, it would seem, by cruel fate's decree
To waste a country born for misery.
For scarcely freed of one barbarian horde,
Than o'er them flashed a more terrific sword ;

Scarcely had one his savage soul exhaled,
Than thwart their seas another tyrant sailed ;
Scarcely their princely mansions had they raised,
Than from their roofs the flames devouring blazed ;
Scarcely the country smiled arrayed in green,
Than quick it withered 'neath the warrior's mien ;
Scarcely the farmer eyed his golden wheat,
Than it was threshed beneath the war-steed's feet.

Again now rose the often crumbled walls,
In domes renewèd gleamed the festal halls,
Arrayed in green luxuriant teemed the field,
The crops uninjured gave their yearly yield ;
Since cruel Genseric with blood-stained sword
Had o'er the country swept his Vandal horde :
Resistless had he killed, resistless swayed,
Resistless yet the land his sons obeyed.
But men, like they, possessed of fiendish mind,
Must ever quaff the blood of human kind.
Can they not suck it from the battle-sword,
They needs must swill it at the festive board.
Such fiend was Thrasimund, who now the land
Submissive still defiled with gory hand.
Peace ruled apparent o'er the ripening field ;
Without nor flashed the sword, nor beamed the shield.
But in the prison-vault below the ground
The many captive groaned unpitied bound,
And ceaseless struck the axe the deadly wound.
Nor 'neath the earth alone, but in the street
The hangman's sword continual funerals beat.
And worse than death,—oh diabolic sight,
Which chills the very heart with dire affright !—

Daily upon the slaver's market sold
Thousands of fellow-souls for paltry gold !
Oh happy me ! who in my native land
Have lived to see cut twain the last slave's band,
His cruel masters meet their bloody fate,
And human barter made a crime of state !

One morn what cry rings through the crowded street ?
Why to yon vessel bend the hurrying feet ?
Upon the deck a reverend sage appears ;
His white hair tells the snows of seventy years.
Loudly he calls to lead him to the son
Of her who has in him another won.
The master of the captives wondering eyed
Him whom before, it seemed, he had descried :
“ Art thou not he, who but two days ago
For thine before me all thy gold didst throw ? ”
“ Little it matters who I be,” replied
He quick ; “ but give that captive by thy side
To this his mother : him, I pray, set free.
Take me for him ; his shackles chain on me ! ”
Amazed the captain stared, amazed the crew ;
Through all the city news so startling flew.
The happy mother and her happy son
Yet saw their joy o'ercast with sorrow dun ;
Opened their lips to check the generous hand,
But kindred love withheld the kind demand :
Till the great Saint, in slavery's garb arrayed,
Leaped shoreward, and their wavering hearts allayed ;
Soon in the throng commingled disappeared,
While homeward they strangely united steered.

Lovely the royal gardens stretched around
The walls of Carthage on the sea-beat ground.
Flowers and fruits of every clime and hue
Blooming and ripening charmed the wondering view.
No winter chilled the ever-budding rose,
No boreal blast the mellow orange froze.
Softly and sweet the warm aerial calm
Gently diffused the aromatic balm.
Atween the beds of tropic plants and flowers
In endless windings crept the trellised bowers ;
Where sheltered from the white sun's sickening ray
The princely lounger whiled his tedious day :
With languid eye fair nature's garb surveyed,
Careless gazed on the slave with toil o'erlaid.
Nursed from his cradle scenes of cruelty
Or cold to view or eye with savage glee,
A beast of burden fettered man him seemed,
Whose worth proportionate to his work he deemed.

Yet 'mid that cold and senseless royal kin
One bore a worthier, nobler soul within,
A nephew of the king : young, sweet and kind ;
Whose body fair but robed a fairer mind.
One summer morn, when walking 'neath the bowers,
His soul refreshing with the dappled flowers,
Sudden he stops, and rests his wondering eye
On a white-haired bent man, who seems to vie
With all the rest in labor ceaselessly.
His lofty forehead, noble air and mien
Point him out as one not of vulgar kin.
The hand that now upturns the crumbled sod
Seems once to have brought priestly gifts to God;

The feet that now scorch in the burning sand
Seem once to have tracked peace to many a land.
Friendly the youth, e'er anxious to console
Each suffering heart, and calm each troubled soul,
Charmed with the stranger, curious to know
The history of his excessive woe,
Called him aside, and gently bade him tell
The cause whence such sad lot his age befell.
Gracious the slave him thanked for his kind care :
“ But mind not me ! ” he begged ; “ only beware
That in due time thou for thyself provide ;
For soon shall Thrasimund torn from thy side
Hence summoned be by more than cruel fate :
Arrange, therefore, in time th’ affairs of state ! ”
He said, and calmly to his work repaired ;
While struck with awe the young man thoughtful stared.
Then as if driven by a threatening gale
Homeward he leaped, and rang the wondrous tale.

The king no sooner heard the news appalled,
Than to his throne the prophet slave he called.
He steps within, when lo ! a deadly fright
Seizes the prince, the sceptre drops his right,
White as a funeral sheet his languid cheek
Turns, and he breaks into a dreadful shriek.
His kindred crowd in round the golden throne :
“ Pray, king, what makes thee thus affrighted moan ? ”
“ Oh, woe to me ! alas ! eternal woe !
Before me stands my heavenly messaged foe ! —
This very man here saw I in a dream,
The thought of which yet chills my purpled stream.

Amid my judges stern he foremost sate,
And snapt the thread which spun my prosperous fate.
'Take,' thus he fiercely with the others cried,
'From him the scourge, which long he madly plied !
Him let it beat, until his soul be fled,
A just atonement for the hearts he bled !'"

Thus shrieking wailed the lamentable king ;
Dismay and fear coursed through the courtiers' ring.
Then turning toward the slave he asked : " Proclaim
Dear friend, I pray, thy noble birth and name !"
Awhile he modest from own praise refrained ;
But God's great glory soon to speak constrained :
"I am Paulinus, bishop where of late
Your soldiers plundered with relentless hate.
Compelled a widow's son from chains to save,
I in his stead became a willing slave."
Intense amazement seized the hearts of all ;
Peals of applause rang through the regal hall.
King Thrasimund arose upon his throne :
" My son !" he said ; " return freed to thine own !
And if thou deign to take a gift from me,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be given thee !"
" Great king !" prayed he ; " naught better can I crave,
Than that with me thou free each Nolan slave."
Mildly the king approval smiled, and straight
Fell from the Nolans freed the slavish weight.—
O'er the blue inland sea they joinèd sailed,
Toward the green shores no more in mourning veiled,
To the sweet homes where kindred dear them hailed.

* * * * *

Oh sacred Creed, God's daughter, spouse divine,
Heroic deeds of charity are thine !

Thine, and no other's, howsoe'er she strive
To make love's blossoms in her bosom thrive !
Thou, and no other, canst with godly fire
To works of love the heart of man inspire :
Canst teach him seek the babe with want oppressed,
And soothe its cries upon a mother's breast :
On gory fields the tender, beauteous maid
Canst nerve the dying warrior to aid ;
Kneel by his side upon the blood-drenched ground,
Calm his sad soul, and dress his gaping wound !
Thou solely great Paulinus couldst inspire
With joy the captive's shackles to desire ;
Cast on his withered limbs the young slave's chain,
His widowed mother's sorrow to restrain !
In vain all sects exert their utmost care
Such sons and daughters to the world to bear :
Thou, Mother Church, alone such fruits canst claim ;
With thine alone resounds Paulinus' fame !

PHILOMENA;

OR,

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BONAVENTURE.

A REMARKABLE trait of this poem in the original is its tender simplicity conveyed to the ear in a mellow strain of sonorous syllables. Truly, if ever the saintly author merited the surname of Seraphic, this his song alone should give him claim to the title. The very angels seem to have strung the lyre to its warbling notes. I know not why this poem has been so much overlooked by writers prying into the literary mysteries of the Middle Ages. Hallam, the indefatigable transcriber, has not a word to say about it. The worthy Mone gives it not even a place in two volumes of mediæval poems, in which there is no more poetic sentiment or metre than in a code of laws. In fact, were you to take the Lord's Prayer and portion it out into lines, placing "Pater Noster" in the first, in the second "Qui es in celis," and so on, you would have a very fair specimen of his Lateinische Hymnen des Mittelalters. This is a grand mistake. The Philomena can safely be ranked among the best Latin poetry of the Middle Ages. It is verily not without many faults of prosody. Indeed, I should never attempt to pass it off as a metrical composition. Nor, I am sure, has the humble Saint ever thought of such an achievement. If Petrarch wrote bad Latin poetry, what better could we expect of his still more illiterate predecessors? But the literary prerogative of St. Bonaventure's poem lies in this, that, whereas other productions of his age can be read neither as prose nor as

verse without grating the ear, in reading his as though it were merely prosaic in structure, we are captivated with a most delectable rhythm. This seeming metre I have endeavored to retain as much as possible in my meagre English version. As to the poetic thought, which is the soul of poetry, it may be gathered even from a translation. Yet should I feel much more delighted in having the original than my substitute read; and for this my lucubration may have been serviceable.

Pour out thy heart, my Nightingale!
Thy sweetest carol sing;
In praises of our Lord thy voice
Let with my music ring!
Thou warble him who formed thy frame
To utter charming lays;
I him who saved my soul from death,
God of us both, will praise.
Hence lift thy beak, and on the air
Thy loveliest sonnets wing;
That hymning with alternate tongue
A honeyed song we sing!

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

I.

PHILOMENA, messenger
Of the lovely spring,
Who us welcom'st with the flight
Of the wintry king,
While with softened heart I list
Tenderly thee sing,
Hail wise songster, and direct
Swift to me thy wing !

II.

Come, oh come ! I will thee send
Where I cannot go,
That my distant friend thou warm
With thy music's glow,
That the sweet tune of thy lyre
Take away his woe,
Whom with words of love to greet
I, alas ! not know.

III.

Therefore kindly thou supply
What is lacked in me,
Greeting sweetly him I love
All exclusively ;
And make known to his kind soul,
How with inner glee
Beats my heart whenever him
Happily I see.

IV.

Now if one should ask me, why
Thee of all I chose
To announce my welcome news ;
Let him know, there rose
To my ears the same, that in
Thy sweet carols flows
That peculiar love with which
Heaven's Wisdom glows.

V.

Therefore, now attentively
List, my dearest friend !
For if to this birdie's song
Zealous thou attend,
Rivalling its charmful notes
With thy spirit blend ;
It to heavenly music will
Suddenly thee send.

VI.

Of this bird the saying goes
That, when it espies
Dismal death approaching it,
On a tree it flies,
And in earliest morn its beak
Lifts up to the skies,
Whence the varied canticles
Streaming upward rise.

VII.

Its melodious strains it rings
Ere aurora's gleam ;
But when at the day's first hour
Darts the sunny beam,
Alway sweeter up the air
Notes harmonious stream,
While without delay or rest
Newer ballads teem.

VIII.

And about the third hour, when
It no measure knows,
Since the gladness of its heart
Ever greater grows,
Nearly breaks its little throat,
So its music flows,
And the higher soars its tune,
Fierier it glows.

IX.

But when on his mid-day throne
Fierce the white sun glares,
Then it through excessive heat
Its own bowels tears.
“Oci, oci!” cries it out
In its usual airs ;
Till worn out with struggling voice
Senselessly it stares.

X.

Thus the organ being broke
Of this Philomene,
While the beak still quivereth
Paly turns its mien ;
But the ninth hour being reached,
When the ruddy sheen
Fly the ruptured veins, it drops
Lifeless on the green.

XI.

Now, my dearest friend, behold !
Briefly thou hast heard
What the simple legend says
Of this wondrous bird.
But, as I have said before,
Be it not unheard,
That song us mysterious minds
Of Christ's holy word.

XII.

For, as I it understand,
Philomena shows
Us a soul in virtues robed,
That with God's love glows,
Who, while to her upward mind
Patrial realms disclose,
From her inner depths a song
Clear and lovely flows.

XIII.

Her religious confidence
Higher still to raise,
It one day was shown to her
In mysterious lays,
How the benefits we reap
Through God's fixed ways
To our eyes each sacred hour
Of the day portrays.

XIV.

Morning or the earliest dawn
Is man's infant state,
In which God his wondrous hand
Raised him to create.
First hour shows God new-born come
Man to renovate,
And the third, how in our midst
He as teacher sate.

XV.

Sixth hour by his treacherous
People he was bound,
Beat with scourges, spit upon,
Dragged along the ground ;
To the cross his limbs the nails
Fixed with cruel sound,
While his sacred head with thorns
Mockingly was crowned.

XVI.

Call it ninth, when having shed
All his blood he dies,
When his last forgiving prayer
Has transpierced the skies,
And the devil fraught with rage
And confusion flies ;
Vespers, last, when in the grave
Christ's sweet body lies.

XVII.

Meditating in her bowers
Soul that mystic day
Makes the tragic terminus
Of her earthly stay,
Climbing on the cross, whereon
Christ with lion sway,
Having brok'n the gates of death,
Crushed the foe's array.

XVIII.

Instantly the melodies
Of her heart she swells ;
From the earliest streak of day
Silver-toned she knells.
Glorifying with her song
Him, who o'er her dwells,
First, how wondrously his hand
Framed her form, she tells.

XIX.

“ Good Creator,” sings she, “ who
Hast my body framed,
How great is thy kindness thou
Fully hast proclaimed;
For without my least desert,
At which ne'er I aimed,
Me the partner of thy bliss
Loving thou hast named.

XX.

Oh, how wondrously my soul
Shone with dignity,
When the image of my God
First was stamped on me !
But that honor greater still
In me thou shouldst see,
Had I disobedient not
Madly turned from thee.

XXI.

For thou, charity supreme !
Me, though wandering here,
Didst desire in bands of love
Close to thee t' adhere,
And as to my homestead sweet
To thy realms draw near,
Where thou wouldst me nurse and teach
As thy daughter dear.

XXII.

Since thou hast it so ordained,
My name to enroll
In thy heavenly choirs, and give
To my heart thee whole ;
What for this can from my heart
I in turn unroll,
Save that I henceforth thee love
With my inmost soul !

XXIII.

Sweetest morsel in my mouth,
 Sole love of my heart !
Who into the breasts thee love
 Wing'st thy saving dart ;
With all that I have or am
 Gladly will I part,
And as a deposit lay
 In thy heavenly mart."

XXIV.

"Oci," such a heart bursts forth
 In unbounded strain,
Singing, how the creature ought
 With its strongest main
Such a Maker love with heart
 Innocent of stain ;
Since it has enjoyed so long
 His paternal reign.

XXV.

Thus the mind the earliest dawn
 Meditating spends ;
But as soon as beams the day
 Out her voice she sends ;
That accepted time to kind
 Contemplation lends,
When the Lord in flesh concealed
 Earthward saving bends.

XXVI.

Then the soul to pity moved
All with love distills,
Anxiously considering
Him, who heaven fills,
As a tender babe, down whose
Cheek the tearlet rills,
Wishing our sick souls to cure
Of their long-lived ills.

XXVII.

Weeping therefore she exclaims :
“ Oh, thou fount of love,
Who to deck thee with the poor’s
Tatters could thee move ?
Who advised thee for our sakes
Gratis ’mid us hove ?
None but that warm love which thou
Drewest from above.

XXVIII.

Truly we as burning zeal
This bright ardor sound,
Under whose dominion
Heaven’s king is found,
With whose sacred fetters he
Captured was and bound,
When he in the swaddling-bands
Of the babe was wound.

XXIX.

Oh thou sweet and lovely babe !
 Oh unrivalled boy !
Happy who around thy neck
 Could his arms deploy,
Could thy feet and thy hands kiss,
 Thee lamenting joy,
And in thy sweet servitude
 Always him employ !

XXX.

Ah me ! that it was not given
 Me him to caress,
And the weeping child's laments
 With my tears redress,
His milk-white and tender limbs
 On my bosom press,
And aside his cradle e'er
 Him my love confess !

XXXI.

Aye, I think, the good boy me
 Would not have repelled ;
Rather with his infant smile
 Me to him have held,
With his tears me to restrain
 My tears have compelled,
And my mountain tree of guilt
 Kindly would have felled.

XXXII.

Happy he who in those days
Could with prayers obtain
So to serve that wonderful
Mother without stain,
That but once within a day
She would kindly deign
Him to kiss her lovely boy
And for playmate gain !

XXXIII.

Oh, how gladly I the bath
Would for him prepare,
On my shoulders joyously
Would the water bear,
Cheerly thus would minister
To the Virgin fair,
And her infant's swaddling-clothes
Wash with tender care !”

XXXIV.

Thus when moved the pious soul
Thirsts for poverty,
Longs to use the coarsest food,
Dress her meagerly;
Labor is with her exchanged
To jucundity,
And the beauty of this world
She calls vility.

XXXV.

Thus she the infantile years
Of Christ childlike strings ;
While the first hour's minutes fly
Without rest she sings.
Thence her charmful notes unto
Day's third hour she wings,
Musing on the teaching Lord's
Countless sufferings.

XXXVI.

Then his labors and his toils
She with tears recalls,
Hunger, thirst, cold, heat and sweat,
All which him befalls
In his struggles to release
Men from sinful thralls,
And while to a better life
He them wretched calls.

XXXVII.

Brightly glows this blessed bird
In love's sacred fires ;
“Oci, oci” to exclaim
Love her lips inspires.
To the world's broad way of vice
She to die desires,
Where her tender pureness e'er
With gross vileness tires.

XXXVIII.

Hence she cries : “ Oh Lord, whose word
Rigidness controls,
To the banished points a home,
With the poor condoles,
And the sinner sorrowing
For his guilt consoles,
After whom ought bend their way
Just and sinful souls !

XXXIX.

For to just thou art life’s rule
Wisely framed to win,
To the sinners mirror and
Wondrous discipline,
To the wearied and the weak
Soothing balm within,
To the sick and languishing
Powerful medicine.

XL.

Thou to charity’s bright school
First here gavest ground,
Teaching that to honor God
All things must redound,
That we must shake from our souls
This world’s heavy mound,
And that thus again our lost
Garment can be found.

XLI.

But the thoughtless world this school
Foolishly contemned,
Scornfully its heavenly growth
Persecuting stemmed ;
But thy goodness them in turn
Wrathfully not hemmed,
Nor the sinner penitent
To the flames condemned.

XLII.

For thy manner 'tis, that thou
Low and needy rear,
Wishing that we come to thee
More with love than fear,
That we not thy scourges dread,
Nor thy words austere,
But thee as our teacher kind
With loved hearts revere.

XLIII.

She, who in adultery
Was surprised, knew hence
How to penitents thy kind
Mercy was immense;
Magdalen perceived this, when
Her so great offence
Was forgiven, and she felt
Virtue's recompense.

XLIV.

But how can I all relate,
Who, before depraved,
Followed his celestial word,
Of their vices laved
Were endowed with virtue's strength,
That all sin they waived,
And from their invidious foe's
Stratagems were saved ?

XLV.

Happy to whom under such
Teacher it was given,
Always to employ him, and
Honeyed juice of heaven
From his lips suck, whence he loathed
Every worldly leaven,
And the filthy stench of sin
From his soul was driven !”

XLVI.

These and many other things
While the mind revolves,
To return her hearty thanks
She her liplet solves,
God to praise she more her soul
In love's flames involves,
Till the third hour's canticle
Into air resolves.

XLVII.

At the sixth hour sad the soul
“Oci, oci” cries,
Mingling with her frequent tears
Her melodious sighs;
While her notes of thanks and praise
Mount the liquid skies,
And to Christ, who bore so much
For us sinners, rise.

XLVIII.

In this hour the musing soul
Drunk with ardor seems;
But at mid-day, when the sun
Shoots his hottest beams,
As with love's unquenchèd fires
More and more she gleams,
With her tenderest notes she sings
Him who us redeems.

XLIX.

Weeping hence she listens to
This lamb's bleating sound,
Sees it tender, free of spot,
With thorns cruel crowned,
Blue from scourging, and with nails
To the hard cross bound,
And the blessed body spread
With one ghastly wound.

L.

Then in grief the pious mind
“Oci” wailing cries :
“Oci, oci, wretched me !
Whom forever spies
His wan, pallid countenance,
As he painful dies,
And whose inmost soul transpierce
His dim, broken eyes.

LI.

Thus”—she asks—“did it become
Thee, the lamb benign,
To endure a death so cruel,
Of thee so indign ?
But thus thou resolved hadst to
Conquer the malign,
And all this was done by thee
In thy great love’s sign.

LII.

Sign of thy love is it, when,
As thou clearly show’st,
Thou unit’st the last with first,
Highest with the low’st ;
Dying thus thou prov’st that us
Thou of all lov’st most,
When for us the purpled streams
Of thy heart thou flow’st.

LIII.

Thou to us a new friend art,
Thou art the new must ;
Thus the wise man calleth thee,
And it is but just ;
For thou art a son entire,
Rendering sweet our gust,
Shattering thy flesh's vase,
Though the most venust.

LIV.

Let the penitent by signs
So great taught believe,
That Christ heartfelt doth himself
Wholly to him give.
These signs I'll to me recall,
Lest me Satan grieve ;
For none like they of his rage
Our shy hearts bereave.

LV.

Thinking on these signs a new
“Oci” fills my strain ;
Jesus sweet ! that I love not
More thee, I complain ;
Yet desire I to be told
In thy scholar train,
As for me thou hast been bound
In love's hardest chain.

LVI.

What great angle charity
Offered to thy sight,
When to die for wretched man
It could thee incite !
Though, indeed, a luscious bait
Hid the angle's fright,
Which thee to the gain of souls
Sweetly did invite.

LVII.

True, to thee the angle's point
Not concealèd lay ;
But its cruel, mortal sting
Kept thee not away ;
Rather pleased it to alight
On its fork'd array,
Since the bait alluring led
Willing thee astray.

LVIII.

Hence for me wretch, of whom thou
With so much love thoughtest,
Its acute and deadly point
Knowingly thou soughtest,
When thou thee a victim pure
To thy Father broughtest,
And within thy sacred blood
Clean of sin me wroughtest.

LIX.

Who will then still wonder, if
I for thee suspire,
Joined unmerited to a
Man of godly fire?
For he in a wondrous way
Fosters my desire,
Finishing for me his life
In an end so dire.

LX.

But I ought not merely thus
Sorrowing me bear,
Rather, after sainted Job,
My fair ringlets tear,
In the cavern of thy side
Me a nest prepare,
And there, having run my course,
Breathe my final air.

LXI.

Truly, if I not with thee
Die, I will not rest;
“Oci, oci” with my voice
E'er I will attest,
That with my desire I am
E'er for thee in guest,
Howsoever me as vile
Hence the world detest!”

LXII.

As if senseless then she cries :
 “ Come, ye cruel kind !
To the cross of Christ, my love,
 Me, soul wretched, bind ;
Since no other death so sweet
 As this one I find,
When I dying mine own arms
 Round his neck can wind.

LXIII.

Verily not otherwise
 Can my sorrow's pain,
Which each hour asunder cuts
 My heart's vital vein,
Soothed be, except that thou,
 Sweetness's great main,
As physician come to me,
 And my grief restrain.

LXIV.

Surely a physician
 Mild and sweet thou art,
Who with gentle force remov'st
 Vices from the heart ;
That joined firmly to thee, e'er
 We take thy loved part,
And anointed with thy gifts
 Miss sin's poisoned smart.

LXV.

Oh, how damnably this world
Can in blindness hide,
That, when wounding it the foes
Drunk with slaughter chide,
This physician prepared
Still it thrusts aside,
And refuses to escape
Into his sweet side !

LXVI.

Why, alas ! the benefits
Of Christ's deadly fall
Thou wilt not, oh blinded man !
Thankfully recall ?
Through which he has broken thy
Hateful tyrant's thrall,
And enriched thy soul with the
Greatest goods of all.

LXVII.

Languishing thee nourished he
With his body's food,
Thee unmerited he bathed
In his sacred blood ;
Lastly his sweet heart he oped
Thee with mixèd flood,
That to thee he thus might show
All his lovelihood.

LXVIII.

Oh what a refreshing bath,
Food how savory,
Which to worthy souls becomes
Paradise's key !
He, whom thou refreshest, bears
All toil easily,
Though to hearts in sloth immersed
Thou fastidious be.

LXIX.

For these slothful hearts to men
Least of all disclose
For what end our Saviour
His best heart us shows ;
Nor think they, when scarce they view
Him outstretched in woes,
That in place of softer couch
He that cross him chose."

LXX.

This hard bed, the more it is
Shown to pious minds,
It more firmly to itself
Their devotion binds,
As the hawk his gory bill
Lusciously grinds,
When upon the bleeding corse
He returning winds.

LXXI.

After this the soul exclaims
With phrenetic sound :
“ Oh dear couch, oh bleeding flesh,
For me dragged around
Through so many torments, why
Did they me not wound
With thee ? and why was I not
Dying with thee bound ?

LXXII.

Yet, since to my wretched soul
I must this deny,
For me a new suffering
I in turn will try :
Wailing, namely, and in tears
Ceaseless will I sigh,
Till from this sad home of earth
Heavenward I fly.”

LXXIII.

After this the sweet soul’s loves
More and more increase ;
Though her senses’ power and
Body’s strength decrease,
And no word she utters, yet
Her desires not cease,
And athwart her languid form
Spreads a heavenly peace.

LXXIV.

Hence the organ being brok'n
 Of her little throat,
With her tongue still quivering,
 Void of every note,
She with pious tears, that more
 Than all words denote,
From her wounded breast laments
 Whom her sins thus smote.

LXXV.

Therefore to her languishing
 Naught so sweet appears
As to greet her lovèd Lord
 With her sighs and tears ;
Ceaselessly her dimmish eyes
 Fixedly she rears
To his wounds and flaming heart
 Opened with cruel spears.

LXXVI.

So she stares, and so her mind
 Breathes continual sighs,
As if he bent over her
 Who for her love dies ;
Not a moment from the cross
 She retracts her eyes,
Since him whom she loves so much
 She thereon descries.

LXXVII.

Longing sighs and doleful wails,
Tears and loud lament
Are to her delicious,
Serve as aliment;
Which in her a martyrdom
New in kind invent,
And to it like pangs of yore
Give their increment.

LXXVIII.

In this state whate'er of earth
Savors she defies,
And the solace of the world
She as poison flies:
Till, when clicks the day's ninth hour,
Totally she dies,
When the impetus of love
Breaks her flesh's ties.

LXXIX.

For recalling how her Lord
At the ninth hour cried:
“It is consummated,” and
Thus exclaiming died,
Dying, as if e'en in death
To her God allied,
She sends forth the same word, which
Tears her burning side.

LXXX.

This last valiant lance's stroke
 Bursts her earthly ties ;
Dead she falls, as it was said,
 But with joy she dies ;
For at once the heaven's gate
 To her open flies,
That her place she may obtain
 In the sainted skies.

LXXXI.

For such soul a Requiem
 Mass we do not sing ;
Nay, but let the Mass' introit
 “ Gaudeamus ” ring ;
Since, if for a martyr we
 To God prayers wing,
On his holy name, 'tis writ,
 We but slightness fling.

LXXXII.

Hail, thou sweet and precious soul,
 Lovely flower, hail !
Beauteous and sparkling gem,
 Lily of the vale !
Who the foulness of the flesh
 Wilt no more inhale,
Happy is the death, which frees
 Thee from this world's bale !

LXXXIII.

Happy, who enjoyest now
Thy desirèd rest,
Whose sleep in thy spouse's arms
None can more molest,
To whose spirit in love's bands
Firmly thou art pressed,
And with whose mellifluous kiss
Thou art alway blest !

LXXXIV.

Now from thy dried eyes the tears '
Flood no longer rolls ;
For thou clearly seest the fruits
Of all hopeful souls,
Since he, who has saved thee from
This world's siren shoals,
In his kisses and embrace
Thy deep griefs consoles.

LXXXV.

Speak, speak, sweet soul, why should down
Thy cheeks still roll tears ?
Having heaven's joy with thee,
Why oppress thee fears ?
For to him alone of all
Thy loved heart adheres ;
And to higher love than his
No ambition rears.

LXXXVI

But I here my song end, lest
I be tedious;
For if I wished to relate
ow delicious
Is this last state of the soul,
And how glorious,
I a liar might be called
By malicious.

LXXXVIII.

But whatever, brother dear,
Others thence may say,
Willing thou this martyr new
In thyself portray;
And when this thou hast attained,
Humbly thy Lord pray,
That eke thee he teach to sing
Such a martyr-lay.

LXXXVIII.

Pious sister, let us this
Canticle oft sing,
Lest with tediousness we fall
In life's journeying;
For the soul, that joyous lists
This melodious ring,
Shall to Mary and her Son
Freed her spirit wing.

LXXXIX.

Hence let, sister, such a song
Thy heart harmonize ;
Bathe in tears thee, and in grief
Thyself martyrize ;
So to Christ with all thy strength
Now thee organize —
That with Christ hereafter e'er
Feasts thou solemnize.

XC.

Then shall cease the sighs and groans
Of thine elegy,
When to choirs angelic thou
Shalt united be :
Singing thou shalt pass into
Heavenly symphony,
Wedded happiest to the king
Of eternity !

THE SAINTED GIANT;

OR,

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

THE substance of this legend, as laid down in the following poem, is taken mainly from the narrative of Jacobus de Voragine in his "Legenda Aurea;" as also from the tradition extant of the Saint among the people of Germany, with whom he is a great patron, and from whose lips I have frequently heard related the tale as it is recounted in the sequent pages. That the Saint bore the name of Adoeymos or Reprobus prior to that of Christopher, is asserted in Binder's Conversational Lexicon, Article St. Christopher. Butler in his "Lives of the Saints" is of opinion that the story of the Saint's great stature, and of his carrying the Divine Infant across the river, is a mere vulgar notion, and owes its origin to allegorical representations of the sufferings, which the Martyr underwent for the love of Christ. In support of his explanation he quotes Baronius, and the following epigram from Vida:

"Christophore, infixum quod eum usque in corde gerebas,
Pictores Christum dant tibi ferre humeris."

Hym. 26, t. 2, p. 150.

My candid opinion is, that the hagiographer is greatly mistaken. The Saint manifested not a more ardent love, and suffered not a more exerueiating torture, as we learn from the Roman Martyrology, than thousands of martyrs exhibited and underwent, without however obtaining thence so honored a name as that of Christ-Bearer. There appears not the slight-

est ground for contradicting the tradition of a thousand centuries, held up by a simple and devout people; and only a cold critic will contemptuously pass over a pious legend, and have recourse to an allegorical interpretation.

I.

WHERE lost amid the murky clouds
The Alpine mountains rear their snowy crests,
Athwart the boundless upward scene
A deep and solemn melancholy rests;

The Adda 'twixt the jutting crags
Impatient his hurrying waters wheels,
Or tumbling o'er the crumbling rocks
Below in widely foaming circles reels;

His southern bank a forest wild
Of aged oaks and evergreens enshrouds,
His northern bank the mountain steep
With dread and chilling terror overclouds:

There in the dismal days of yore,
When lawless tyrants seized with gory hand
Th' imperial crown, and tiger-like
Scoured preying o'er the world-wide Roman land,

Between the olden fir-trees stood
A cottage small and poor, but neat and clean;
A little window gave it light;
The thatch kept out the rain and sunny sheen.

Within a hermit bent with age
Had fixed his holy and retired abode :
Twice forty winters on his high
And wrinkled forehead long-lived penance showed.

And now the ruddy western sun
The highest tree-tops fringed with golden ray,
When from the river's rugged bank
A man unto the cottage bent his way.

Of giant size and strength he was,
And dusky hue, and dark and threatsome look ;
mountain tree he used for staff,
And as he moved the ground beneath him shook.

His noisome tread the hermit roused,
As on his knees he breathed his evening prayer.
He oped the door, suspecting naught—
When sudden back he sprang with frightened stare.

Awhile he thus ; but soon his fears
The rough yet kindly stranger voice assuaged :
“ Why fear’st thou me, a man like thee,
Who ne’er against the harmless battle waged ? ”

“ If such thou be—a friendly guest ”—
The hermit freed of terror quick rejoined ;
“ Take thee whate’er my loving heart
Can for a stranger good and wholesome find.

Seat thee a moment ’neath this fir,
While I thee serve a strengthening repast :
Then spend in quiet slumber here
The night, which on the forest gathers fast.”

Thus he with hospitable grace.

To whom the giant stranger answer made :
“ Thy goodness bids me take the gift,
And tarry where kind fate my steps has stayed.

But when the strengthening food and drink
Have nursed my body and relieved my mind,
Then let me tell my history,
And what my steps to thine abode inclined.”

The other smiled benign assent.

With social heart they took their plain regale ;
Then seated by the hermit’s side
The stranger thus began his wondrous tale :

II.

“ Far from the cultured homes of civil men,
Among the steppes of barbarous Scythia,
My roving parents brought me into life.
Adocymos they called me from the name
Of a renowned Greek chieftain, who had led
Our wandering tribes to many victories.
Joyous my childhood passed amid the sports
Of children trained from earliest infancy
In all the stratagems of savage war :
And easily each rival I surpassed ;
For even then my stalwart size me made
A Hercules among the puny boys.
Still think with pride I of the happy hour,
When at the public youthy tournament
The chieftain decked my brow with laurelled green,
Because the first of prizes I had won.

Swift rolled the years of youth 'mid warlike feats,
When—I just then had reached my twentieth year—
A Roman questor sought of us recruits.
In glowing terms he praised his emperor,
Who, both the king of earth and god of heaven,
The whole world guided with his mighty hand.
His words, by others scarcely heeded, fired
A strange desire within my warlike breast.
I longed to serve him who, the mightiest,
With strength superior all men o'erawed.
For as I wished, that in my homely tribe
The others, whom I easily outshone,
Should tender me their humble servitude,
So I no more than rightful held it, that
Myself should serve a powerfuller lord;
And if there were such as no equal owned
In all the netherworld and earth and sky,
Him should I gift with all my services.
Thus candidly I spake my mind unto
The questor, and on this condition sole
My sword I proffered in the coming war.
Of course he gladly took my curious oath,
Not doubting that he thus forever had
My giant labors for his lord secured.

A few days' march brought us to Lycia,
Where then the Roman legions lay encamped.
Amazement filled the hearts of all, when first
The ten-elled giant met their wondering eye.
But when they saw, that softer nature had
Alliance formed with such a barbarous mould;

That 'neath the rough-haired breast a noble heart
Beat big with every gentle sympathy :
They gradually neared with friendly mien,
And found as good a friend as warrior strong,
Who both could win their hearts with gentle love,
And aid them in their strifes with valiant force.
And thus a friendship 'tween ourselves arose,
Which rooted deeper as the years rolled by.

In Lycia we did not long remain ;
For soon unto the border we were called,
To war against th' unruly Parthians,
Who bolder grew from later victories.
Thence, as I shone superior in the field,
My warlike fame the Imperator reached,
Who straightway summoned me unto his court.
With pleasure he my noble frame surveyed ;
My fearless words spoke friendly to his heart.
No better body-guard than me he thought,
To parry with success th' assassin's blows,
Who then in frequent numbers hovered nigh.
Nor did he see awry; for, while I stayed
Beside his person, not a vulgar hand
The murderous weapon ever durst unsheathe.

Howe'er not long my valorous arm he owned :
A curious turn of fate set us apart.
One day, as through the forest we pursued
The fleeting game, a wondrous rider crossed
Our path. Black was his horse, his dress, his hue,
And like two coals of fire his eyeballs glared.

The emperor nigh fainted with affright ;
His quivering hand let fall the slackened rein.
'What, Maximinus ! thou, the emperor !
Shrink'st like a woman from a single man ?'
Thus I almost contemptuously. To whom
He trembling like a wind-tossed reed replied :
'Know, this one's far more powerful than we ;
Him we adore, the potent king of hell.'
'If that's the case,' I bitterly made word,
'I can no longer serve thee, tiny prince !
The greatest only can my master be.
Halloo ! black rider, potent king of hell,
Thee will I serve, till I a mightier find !'
The swarthy rider grinned a hellish smile,
And bade me follow him into the woods ;
While toward the city sped the emperor
Humbled and stung and foaming in his rage.

Naught but a curious, philosophic mind
Could make me follow blindly thus my guide.
His honeyed words lost every sense of sweet,
When 'twixt the whitish teeth the reddish tongue
Them snake-like hissed, while all his face was black,
Black as a coal, and hideous like an ape's.
His promises like insults seemed to me,
His boasted realms the nighted wastes of hell.
How gladly hence I felt, when soon of this
Dire monster I was fatedly relieved !
Scarce five miles had we furious onward sped,
When, as if driven back, his courser gave
A sudden backward bound, and livid grew
The rider's lips, and frightened stared his eyes.

‘What’s this?’ I cried; ‘art thou, too, scared, my king?
Nothing around I see, that could thee fright.’
‘That cross,’ he yelled, ‘that cross I cannot bear:
It tortures me, when I but look at it!’
And instantly he turned and dashed away.

Now was I left all lone and masterless.
Two, whom I weened the greatest, had I served,
And both of them a mightier lord had owned.

Thus for awhile I stood in mute suspense,
Not knowing what to do, what course to take.
Then all at once a hopeful ray of light
Athwart my darkened mind resplendent flashed:
That cross, the sight of which the nether king
Thus filled with terrors and away impelled,
Had of itself, methought, no vital power;
But was it not the sign of some one else,
More strong, more powerful than either two?
This question, then, my earnest searches asked,
Nor could I rest, till I its answer knew.
Each man I meet must I interrogate,
Till from my eyes the scales of ignorance fall.

At once I struck into the bushy gloom,
The mountains crossed, athwart the rivers stepped.
For these three days not sight of human kind
Has lit my eye. Thou art the first I meet
Since that dread day. Of thee instruction,
If such thou canst me give, I humbly ask.
Teach me the truth! My history thou know’st.”

III.

The hermit, as if lost, awhile
Mused on the strange tale of his guest ;
Then, rising from his oaken seat,
Thus tender-hearted him addressed :

“Thy words to me a sunlit realm
Of heartfelt happiness unfold ;
With joy in thee a brother gained
To Christ and heaven I behold.

For he, at whose sign in the woods
The hellish monster frightened fled,
No other is than Christ, God’s Son,
Who on such cross for men’s souls bled.

When our first parents ’mid the joys
Of a celestial garden placed,
In evil hour coyed by the foe,
Their spotless innocence effaced ;

The Maker just while he chastised
With countless woes their hated crime,
Yet promised them deliverance
Through his Son in the course of time.

That time two hundred years ago
Has beamed on the benighted world,
Has shackled the tartarean king,
And realms of light and love unfurled.

Too late it now is to explain
At length the truths and mysteries
Of that religion, which thence spread
Divinely o'er the lands and seas.

To-morrow, when the genial sun
Diffuses o'er the earth his light,
With God's help will I strive to free
Thy soul from ignorance's night."

He said, and to the couch him led,
While he into his cell withdrew.—
Night reigned athwart the slumbering earth,
And through the trees the mild wind blew.

IV.

Deep rolled his waves the Adda
By the mountains' rugged side,
O'er fixed and loose rocks tumbling
With his mad, impetuous tide.

The traveller sought vainly
The rock-bedded stream to ford :
The sharpened rocks his vitals
With charybdian fury bored.

The swimmer bold with terror
From the corse-strewn billows ran.
The architect strove vainly
O'er the gulf his bridge to span.

And yet a many wand'rer,
Whom his distant homestead sped,
Looked wistfully and sadly
At the shore which from him fled.

Now, on the eve of that day,
When Adocymos was taught
To know the mightiest Master,
He so long in vain had sought;

As through the dark-green forest
By the river slow he walked,
And mused upon his happ'ness,
And with joy to his heart talked;

He saw a little old man,—
Though to him all little seemed,—
Who quickly changed his footprints,
And whose face with ardor gleamed.

But oh! the boist'rous river
At once his hurry checked:
Dismayed he stood and heartless,
As if there his hopes had wrecked.

Quick rushed a thought of goodness
O'er Adocymos's mind:
He sprang from out the thicket,
And offered his shoulders kind.

At first the man stands frightened
At the giant's stalwart size;
But kind words and his homestead
O'er his fears victorious rise.

He seats him on his shoulder,
Like a babe is carried o'er,
And ere he scarcely knows it,
Is placed on the other shore.

Before he can his thanks give,
His carrier with giant stride
Has crossed the foaming river,
And stepped on the other side.

With heart buoyant in him
Then Adocymos addressed
His ghostly sire, the hermit,
And his new resolve confessed :

“ Dear father, if it please thee,
My new Master will I serve
In carrying the wand’rer
O’er the river with strong nerve.”

The hermit smiled approval,
And he blessed his penitent,
Whom thus a noble warrior
To his army God had sent.

At once they built a cottage
On the river’s rocky shore,
That day and night the traveller
Might be quickly carried o’er.

Adocymos lived in it :
And whene’er at night or day
He heard the wand’rer calling,
Not a moment was his stay.

His tree he grasped and waded
With his burden through the wave ;
Whence aptly all the people
Him the name of Offerus gave.

Now once upon an evening,
When the sharp, cold northwind blew,
And rain in torrents clattered,
And the darkness thicker grew :

“No traveller,” thought Offerus,
“Will on such a night assay
To meet the raging terrors
Of the elements’ affray.

Hence on my couch I’ll lay me,
Till the sun refulgent beams,
And nature cleansed and chastened
With refreshing verdure teems.”

He said, and with a prayer
Shut his eyes to sweet repose ;
When sudden thwart the river
An infantile voice arose :

“Oh Offerus, come over !”

At once the gallant bearer
To his feet heroic sprang,
And hurried through the waters
Where the childish clamor rang.

But vain he sought the crier,
Naught he heard but tempest's roar ;
And vexed the swelling torrent
He recrossed to his own shore.

Again he closed his eyelids
To the balm of soft repose ;
When from the self-same quarter
The same infant voice arose :

“ Good Offerus, come over !”

Galled with such troubling clamor,
Where before no child appeared,
He yet with patient ardor
To the voice mysterious steered.

But not a soul he met with,
Though he searched all o'er the shore ;
And almost sunk disheartened
To his home he waded o'er.

Yet scarcely for the third time
Had his eyes enjoyed repose,
When 'gain athwart the river
That infantile voice arose :

“ Oh Offerus, come over !”

Impatient now and furious
From his troubled couch he leaped ;
And foaming through the waters
With his giant stride he stepped.

Not vainly now 'mid darkness
For the mystic child he sought :
A wondrous glaring circle
Into light the darkness wrought.

And in it sate an infant,
Such a sweet and lovely boy,
That Offerus's stern heart
Had to melt with tender joy.

He placed him on his shoulder :
Like a plume so light he seemed ;
That scarce he knew he bore him,
Except for the light he beamed.

He stepped into the water
With his burden sweet and light :
He held him with his left hand,
And the tree grasped with his right.

But barely a few paces
Through the billows he had made,
When heavier and heavier
On his shoulders th' infant weighed.

Surprised and with suspicion
The little stranger he eyed,
Who thus his strength and patience
So unmercifully tried.

His heavenly glance however
On his path him onward sped ;
Though heavier and heavier
He pressed on his wearied head.

When in the river's middle,
 Like a mount the burden grew :
 From Offerus's brow dropped
 The sweat like summer-night's dew.

His swimming eyes ran over,
 His strong knees beneath him shook,
 His sinewy arms hung quiv'ring,
 And his spirit him forsook.

And yet, strange thing ! he fell not,
 Though he staggered more and more ;
 But braving the wild surges
 He securely reached the shore.

There down he dropped his burden,
 He could scarcely draw his breath ;
 And sinking on the greensward
 He awaited coming death.

But quickly now the infant
 The exhausted giant raised,
 And in a brighter circle
 High in air before him blazed.

“Good Offerus !” thus spake he ;
 “Be surprised and weak no more :
 Know that thine arms me carrying
 Thine own God and Saviour bore !

No wonder that like mountains
 On thy shoulders I should press,
 Whom not the mountains only,
 But all creatures God confess.

Hence Christopher I call thee ;
That this new and sweetest name
May through the earth and heavens
Thee the happiest man proclaim.

That e'er it may remind thee
Of thy Master new and strong,
And telling thee, thou bor'st him,
May thee save from every wrong.

That, when before the prætor
Thou ere long for me shalt stand,
O'er fire and sword triumphing
Thou may'st join my martyr-band.

Then shall thy soul, which bravely
Like thy body now me bore,
On angel wings uplifted
To my heavenly kingdom soar !"

EPILOGUE.

Accipe, per longos tibi qui deserviat annos :
Accipe, qui pura norit amare fide !—OVID.

TAKE, my Love, this wreath of flowers
Woven by the crystal spring,
Where beneath the shady bowers
Thy dear praise I used to sing !

Where entranced in sweet communion
Swift the hours like minutes flew,
Where in bands of closer union
To thee e'er thy love me drew.

Well thou know'st the sultry morning,
When atween the darkling wood,
Heedless of thy tender warning,
Lone and sorrowing I stood ;

How the sky began to lower
With a black and threatening cloud,
And in torrents poured the shower
'Mid the thunder pealing loud.

Lit with wrath the sulphurous heaven
All on fire appeared around,
And the sturdy oak-tree riven
Smoked before me on the ground.

Seized with fear my bosom quivered
At the blazing forest's light,
And my knees beneath me shivered
With a cold and thrilling fright.

Then, as if to flee the heaven
All on fire with sulphur blue,
From the oak with lightning riven
Through the crackling trees I flew :

Flew and flew, I knew not whither,
Flew with ever swifter wing ;
Till at last by thee brought thither
Sank I by the crystal spring.

Thus methinks ; for 'mid the pealing
Thunder and the hail-storms clank,
Somewhere in the woods I reeling
With exhaustion downward sank ;

Slept and when I waked, the shower
From the murky sky had fled ;
O'er me a vimineous bower
Of luxuriant ivy spread.

In his pathway clear and bluely
The bright day-king's chariot rolled,
And the dripping beech-trees viewly
Sparkled in his refluent gold.

All through valley and on mountain
Trilled the bird his carol sweet ;
Mimicking his song the fountain
Rippled playsome at my feet.

Then—oh, how can still a member
In my body joyless be,
When the beauty I remember
Wherein thou appear'dst to me!—

From my soul at once the sorrow
Of the lost past drifted by;
In thy love the rosy morrow
Of the future lit the sky.

Bird's song then and fountain's ripplet
Bade me sing thy tender praise,
Called on me to ope with liplet
Of sweet song thy rapturous lays.

So I sang, and sang unrested;
And the more I sang thy name,
Thy unrivalled beauty wrested
From my heart a brighter flame.

Day by day my songs unceasing
From the fountain to thee flew;
Day by day my love increasing
Nearer to thy breast me drew.

Till, this morn so gayly painted
Were the flowers and were so fair,
And with balmy odors scented
Waved so calm and sheen the air;

That, while carolling my measures
With the songsters perched above,
I the flowery meadow's treasures
Wove into a wreath of love.

Why the rose and lily gleaning
I inwrought with chosen art,
Thou know'st best the hidden meaning,
Bedded in my loving heart.

Take then, Love, this wreath of flowers
Woven by the crystal spring,
Where beneath the shady bowers
Thy sweet praise I used to sing !

NOTES.

Page 38.

Ah! I despise this vulgar throng, these minions of gain!

THE sentiments ascribed to Augustus in this poem are fully corroborated by all trustworthy historians. He evidently was devoid of all human sympathy and affection. His sole aim was absolute power, and to attain his tyrannical ends, he was always ready to adopt cruel as well as lenient measures. "His virtues" (if such they can be called) "and even his vices were feigned, and in accordance with the demand of his selfish interests he was at first the enemy, at last the father, of the Roman world."—Schäppner, *Characters of Universal History*, vol. i. p. 513.

Page 40.

*Thy fawning bard their secret pleasures wantonly shall gaze,
And sing thy shame ere end in Mæsia's wastes his gloomy days.*

Critics have gone into various opinions concerning the cause of Ovid's banishment. I have adopted the most probable, that of Tiraboschi, according to whom the poet had been the involuntary witness of some moral turpitude in the imperial family. The licentiousness of the Julias is well calculated to establish such a supposition. Ovid had the imprudence to divulge the secret, thus drawing on himself the wrath of the emperor, who seems to have been very punctilious in all that related to family decorum. His banishment fell like a thunderbolt on the amorous poet: to be exiled from the pleasant gardens of his youthful amours was, no doubt, a severe blow on one whose heaven lay in sensual pleasures; but why he could not find a glimpse of consolation in the hope of

that immortal fame, which he ought to have foreseen would be derived even more from his punishment than from his elegies, appears rather unexpected. Yet not only did he whine like a woman in his exile; he so far forgot himself as to supplicate the pardon of the tyrant in the most extravagant adulations. This has justly drawn on him the censure and contempt of after ages.

Page 57.

*From her palace-bordered streets hid in the darkness lone and dense
Wound the youth into the dim-lit halls of the Valerian gens.*

Not only were anciently the streets of even large cities hid in the profoundest dark during a moonless night; the very houses were but poorly and scantily lighted. Says Becker: “One of the imperfections in the domestic economy of the ancients was the universal use of oil-lamps. Had they provided against the uncleanness by having glass cylinders to consume the smoke (*fuligo*), we should not be so much surprised at the preference given to oil over tallow and wax. But they had no invention of the sort, and in spite of all the elegance and ingenuity displayed in their lamps of bronze and precious metals, the ancients could not prevent their ornamented ceilings from being blackened, and their breathing oppressed, by smoke. The nature of the country doubtless led them to use oil, but its cheapness does not appear a sufficient reason for their having continued to bear its discomforts, and we must therefore rather suppose that at that time wax and tallow candles were not made skillfully enough to afford a good light: hence we find that the *lucerna* was used by the poor, whilst the smoky oil-lamp was burned in the palaces of the wealthy.”—*Gallus. Exc.*, iv. p. 308.

Ibidem.

*Gently rapped the bridal chamber's door;
Opened the valves.*

“The method of fastening varied according to the form of the doors themselves, whether they opened inwards or outwards, or were folding-doors (*bisores*), or opened like window-shutters (*valvae*). Varro: *Valvae sunt quæ revolvuntur et se velant.*” Idem ibidem, p. 281.

The ancients were certainly polite enough not to enter a house or apartment without first knocking. The same illustrious author says in his *Charicles*: “Although the house-door was not locked in the day-time, still nobody thought of entering without previously tapping or other-

wise announcing himself, and waiting for permission to enter. The usual method was to tap, except among the Spartans, who called out.”—Page 54.

Page 65.

*On many a gory field
Had they 'neath their eagle twelfth
Forced the haughty foe to yield.*

The eagle was the standard of a legion; the ensigns including the eagle and which were called *signa*, were the standards of the single cohorts composing a legion.

“St. Gregory of Nyssa and Procopius say, they (the Martyrs of Sebaste) were of the thundering legion, so famous under Marcus Aurelius for the miraculous rain and victory obtained by their prayers. This was the twelfth legion, and then quartered in Armenia.”—*Butler's Lives of the Saints*, vol. iii., March 10th.

Page 70.

Upon the horizontal shaft four lesser crosses gleamed.

The description here given is taken from ancient medals commemorative of the event, and represented in the above work. Vol. ix., Sept. 14th.

Page 76.

Carisius and Otelia.

This poem is designed to portray the chivalric love of the Middle Ages. The characters are purely imaginary; but they find a realization in numerous examples, that occurred during those too often misrepresented times, when true love and heroism were accounted superior to the paltry speculation which characterizes our own age.

Page 93.

Allah Achbar! i.e. God is great: the rallying cry of the Moslems. *El Zogoybi*. the Unfortunate; a name given to King Boaddil, or Abdallah, on account of his truly distressing misfortunes.

Page 94.

*Still he thought of dire Malaga,
Andalusia's horrid grave.*

The Spanish chivalry could never forget the disastrous defeat they had suffered in the mountains of Malaga; and in every subsequent encounter they were anxious to blot out the stain their arms had there received from a handful of Infidel boors. See Irving's *Granada*, c. xiii. et seqq.

Page 109.

*The lowly friar also mingled in the stately throng,
The queen and ladies to refresh with prayer and pious song.*

"The reverend prelates and holy friars, who always surrounded the queen, looked with serene satisfaction, says Fray Antonio Agapida, at this modern Babylon (*Granada*), enjoying the triumph that awaited them, when those mosques and minarets should be converted into churches, and goodly priests and bishops should succeed to the infidel alfaquis." Idem, ut supra, c. xciii. Saintly, indeed, those priests and bishops must have been, when they had before their eyes such a model of perfection as the grand cardinal of Spain and confessor to the queen, the venerable Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, whose natural son, Rodrigo, accompanied him in the war. But, of course, he was a grandee, and high-born personages have a peculiar privilege even in the Church, according to the veracious testimonies of holy theologians.

Page 116.

Breathes out his soul unknown to agony's pain.

From the observations and consequent testimonies of skilled surgeons and physiognomists it appears that many, who die on the field of battle, pass from this life without the slightest agony—the transition being so sudden as to preclude the possibility of the pain of separation being felt. This, they say, is proved from the features, which are so regular and composed as to make one almost doubt whether they belong to the living or the dead.

Page 126.

God eternal and almighty, etc.

"In the Tablas Chronologicas of Padre Claudio Clemente, is conserved a form of prayer, said to have been used by Columbus on this occasion, and which, by order of the Castilian sovereigns, was afterwards used by Balboa, Cortez, and Pizarro, in their discoveries. 'Domine Deus æterne et onnipotens, sacro tuo verbo cœlum et terram et mare creasti; benedicatur et glorificetur nomen tuum, laudetur tua majestas, quæ dignitas est per humilem servum tuum, ut ejus sacrum nomen agnoscatur et prædicetur in hac altera mundi parte?'"—*Irving's Columbus*, vol. i. p. 156.

Page 134.

The magic bell of Turey.

Turey: the heaven of the Hayti Indians.

Page 152.

*Who but the truculent Puritan clan,
E'er bent on deeds of woe!*

Having such testimony as the following before me, it cannot be wondered if in this poem I have given vent to expressions, which to some may appear hard and even shocking. "The annals of mankind contain, perhaps, no such example of unrelenting tyranny on the one hand, of abject bondage to human traditions on the other, as that which is displayed in the acts, the laws, and the literature of the Puritans of New England. Professing to frame their daily life by the maxims of the New Testament, it may be affirmed without exaggeration, that no race of men, since the Gospel was first preached on earth, have ever violated its spirit with such remorseless consistency. They were not, perhaps, conscious hypocrites, for most of them had deceived themselves before they deceived others; but this, if we judge them by the narratives of their own historians, is nearly the only crime of which these Arabs of the Reformation were guiltless. It would be difficult to find in them so much as one lineament of the true Christian character. Humility, modesty, meekness, patience, forbearance, obedience, charity—against these, and all the kindred graces of the disciples of the Cross, every word and deed of their life

was an unvarying protest. Never were they so utterly unchristian, in every thought, feeling, and desire, as when they were preaching what they called ‘the Gospel;’ never were they so full of cruel arrogance, haughty defiance, bitter menace, and incurable self-righteousness, as when they vehemently called God to witness that they were his peculiar people. They had fled from England to enjoy ‘liberty of conscience,’ and they proved their love of liberty by refusing it to all who dared to interpret a text otherwise than themselves.”—*Marshall, Christian Missions*, vol. ii. p. 342. This sweeping denunciation seems to be confirmed by contemporary authority, among others by Puritanical oracles cited in Bancroft. “‘God forbid,’ said Dudley, ‘our love for the truth should be grown so cold, that we should tolerate errors.—I die no libertine.’—‘Better tolerate hypocrites and tares than thorns and briars,’ affirmed Cotton. ‘Poly-piety,’ echoed Ward, ‘is the greatest impiety in the world. To say that men ought to have liberty of conscience is impious ignorance.’—‘Religion,’ said the melancholic Norton, ‘admits of no eccentric motions.’”—*History of the United States*, vol. i. p. 449. It appears, however, that not the mass of the Puritans, but only some of their ringleaders, were in favor of such inhuman persecution: at all events, the sons have nobly wiped out the disgrace of their intolerant sires. And of these, indeed, enough hath been said.

Page 157.

Marquette.

It can easily be perceived, that this poem is little more than a paraphrase of Bancroft’s brilliant account of that renowned missionary. Something of Longfellow’s delectable “Song of Hiawatha” may likewise be detected in it as well as in another juvenile production, “Our Country.” Yet, as these were my first attempts at poetry, whether successful or not, they necessarily have in my eyes a peculiar charm.

Page 171.

*In the land which to Pizarro
Lent a great but bloody fame.*

The writer of these lines is far from subscribing to the indiscriminate condemnation of the Conqueror of Peru. Prejudicial historians have not in the least degree lessened his admiration for a man, who beneath the

blood-stained coat of mail bore a heart beating with the tenderest sympathies of a God-inspired religion. He fully concurs in the following tribute given to the daring Spaniard by an English writer of merited renown. "Whether he was starving in the Island of Gorgona with his fourteen danntless followers, or leading on his handful of comrades to battles in which they were one against a thousand, or plucking the Inca with his own hand from his litter in the great square of Cassamarca, he was ever, after his kind, a soldier of the Cross." As such he showed himself throughout his life, but particularly in his last moments, when falling under the swords of assassins, "he drew the sign of the cross on the floor with his own blood, kissed with his dying lips the emblem of salvation, and with that supreme act of love and contrition passed to his account."—Marshall, *ut supra*, p. 233.

Page 179.

To a Ciceronian.

The praise bestowed on the great orator in this poem is but a faint echo of the enlogy given him by that prince of rhetoricians, Marcus Fabius Quintilianus, in his *Institutio Oratoria*, Lib. x. c. i. 108–113.

Page 213.

*Whom pope and bishops heedlessly
A heretic portrayed,
To him the saints of Italy
As to a martyr prayed.*

"St. Catherine de Ricci used to invoke him in prayer, which circumstance caused his innocence to be investigated in the process of her canonization; and St. Philip Neri, who kept in his chamber the picture of Savonarola, prayed to God, that he might preserve him from the reprobation of after ages."—*Schæppner's Characters*, vol. ii. p. 533. Whatever has been advanced by me is, I think, founded on trustworthy authority. The fate of Savonarola is a proof of the lamentable fact, that persons in dignity, whether civil or ecclesiastical, often abuse their authority, and under the cloak of infallibility conceal and foster their own fallible degradation.

Page 213.

La Charbonnière.

This poem is intended as a tribute of grateful admiration for the Society of Jesuits. An array of nobler champions in the service of religion and literature has never yet appeared, nor can any other easily supply their place.

Page 235.

The breast of Melesigenes inspired.

Melesigenes: an appellative of Homer, whom his mother Critheis brought forth on the banks of the river Meles. Venusia: the birth-place of Horace.

Page 244.

*But men like they, possessed of fiendish mind,
Must ever quaff the blood of human kind.*

Of all the monsters that desolate the earth, there is none so truculent and heinous as a barbarian stimulated by the furies of a false religion. To exaggerate the outrages and cruelties perpetrated by the Vandals in Proconsular Africa would be as impossible as to delineate them in deserving colors. See Butler in his life of St. Augustine, vol. viii., where he quotes a passage from Possidius, Bishop of Calama, an eye-witness of the Vandal atrocities.

Page 245.

*Oh happy me! who in my native land
Have lived to see cut twain the last slave's band.*

Howsoever interested motives may prepossess and lead astray the minds of politicians, the soul that is humane and christian will ever hail the victory of the North over the South as the triumph of union over disunion, of government over anarchy, of order over disorder, but especially as that of civilization and humanity over barbarism and cruelty. Never was the sword of man drawn in a better cause, than when it severed the bonds of his enslaved brother.

FINIS.

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